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ART. I.—*On National Education. By George Ensor, Esq. Author of 'National Government,' 'Independent Man,' and 'Principles of Morality.'* London, Longman, 1811, 8vo. 9s.

THE present times are distinguished by a wish, which seems generally felt, to cultivate the minds of the lower orders, and to render universal the great blessing of education. Formerly truth seems to have been considered as a sort of Quack Medicine, which was to be kept a secret for the benefit of the possessor. There was a jealousy of knowledge, which made the ignorance of one part of the community considered as the benefit of the rest. This jealousy still exists amongst a particular class of persons, who think that the general diffusion of knowledge would unfit the peasant and the artisan for the common duties of life, and lead to the total disorganization of society.

Those governments, which have an interest distinct from that of the people, cannot but be anxious to keep the people in ignorance, because ignorance may more easily be rendered the pliant tool of political artifice. Where knowledge is widely diffused, public opinion will soon acquire a force sufficient to moderate that of tyranny and oppression. Where the people are imbruted in ignorance, the iniquity of government may readily be concealed in mystery, and rendered impenetrable to the vulgar eye; but where the intellectual faculties of men are invigorated by exercise, the veil of state-craft will readily be turned aside, and men will discover the knavery and

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imposture, the avarice and ambition which lurk behind the scenes. They will perceive that their blood, their industry, and their happiness, have been made the sport of barbarity and vice.

It has been often remarked that priests are more anxious to perpetuate the reign of ignorance than any other order of men. Ignorance has been their delight, because it has been their gain. The ignorance of the people has, at the same time, favoured the indolence of the priest; for in proportion as the people are besotted with superstition, the priest is exempted from the painful toil of intellectual culture and learned investigation. The clergy will always be found to be more or less learned in proportion to the greater or less degree of learning amongst the laity. In proportion as we educate the people, we add an increased stimulus to the mental improvement of the priest.

We might readily exemplify these remarks by referring to the state of the clergy before, and since the reformation. The reformation, in proportion as it enlightened the laity, excited the clergy to add to their stock of information. When the sacred books were no longer locked up in a dead language, people in general began to reason on their contents; and every man became ready to form an opinion of his own on subjects, on which he had been taught that it was profanation not to assent to the notions of his spiritual guides. When the gates of scriptural knowledge were thrown open, too wide to be ever closed again, the members of the hierarchy, who could no longer shroud their doctrines in the idiom of an unknown tongue, endeavoured to repress the right of individual judgment by the barrier of articles and creeds. They allowed the Scriptures to be read, but they pretended that they should be read only under the dogmatical guidance of their interpretation; and that no opinions should be tolerated which were opposite to their deductions. Their interpretations and deductions, embodied in creeds and articles, were represented as an infallible rule; and one species of popery was substituted for another.

A new spiritual domination was thus erected in the reformed churches, in which there was for many years a general acquiescence, or, at least, which was only faintly and partially opposed. But the time seems fast approaching, when men will no longer submit to this usurpation on the right of private judgment, when they will no longer suffer their opinions on the most important points of belief to be bound down to the precise standard of those of their

predecessors, who lived in an age of comparative barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. This intellectual thralldom, which has been too long endured, will be ultimately destroyed by the spirit of inquiry which is gone abroad, by the ardent exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties, to instruct the people, to teach them not to give a blind assent to opinions which they do not understand, or to think that there is any virtue in an implicit submission to any human authority in matters of religious belief. This emancipation of the public mind from an overwhelming spiritual domination, is one of the great blessings which will sooner or later result from the recent attempt to educate the poor.

Teach men the rudiments of knowledge, and they will mount higher in the intellectual scale. Instruct them in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it will not be long before they will exercise the thinking faculty on those great questions which are intimately connected with their temporal and eternal interests. The fabric of despotism and of superstition will vanish as a dream; and men will wonder at the bondage which they once endured, and the absurdities which they once revered. No longer bowed to the earth by the double yoke of tyranny and superstition, they will once more look erect to Heaven; and every individual will enjoy the conscious feeling that providence did not design him for a slave either in body or in mind.

It will perhaps be said, that if intellectual culture should ever be thus far advanced, men will be rendered totally unfit for the common duties of life; that our fields will be untilled and no peasant left to hold the plough. But we are to consider that those who are occupied in the humbler offices of agricultural or manufacturing industry, do not engage in them from choice but necessity. There is no person, whether literate or illiterate, who would not be what is called a gentleman, if he had the means. But the world is so constituted, that however general knowledge may become, the necessity of labour must, in a large portion of the community, overpower the propensity to idleness. However great and universal knowledge may, in any future period be, it will not prevent hunger and thirst, and though a man may be a philosopher, and addicted to contemplation, he must still be under the sway of those appetites, the gratification of which is connected with self-preservation. When the alternative comes that a man must either work or starve, there can be little doubt which he will prefer even though he may have learned to

read, write, and cast accounts, and what is more, to discuss the momentous questions of politics and religion. Hunger is sufficiently potent to compel any individual to work for food when he cannot obtain food without work. Into whatever form the political institutions of man may hereafter be cast, they cannot be so disposed as to supersede the necessity of agricultural toil; and the same causes which produce a supply of men to till the earth now, will not cease to operate in all periods of after time. Men may indeed hereafter exercise their industry under more favourable circumstances; and while the actual toil may be less, the emolument may be more. A greater portion of the fruits of the earth may be appropriated to him by whom they are produced.

The supposition therefore that the diffusion of knowledge will totally subvert the constitution of society, or totally annihilate the laborious class of husbandmen and artificers, is fallacious and absurd. We must besides add that as a perfect acquaintance with the principles of an art does not unfit men for the performance, but tends to promote practical proficiency, peasants and mechanics are not likely to be indisposed to the observance of the several relative and social duties in proportion as they are acquainted with their obligations, and are taught rightly to appreciate their importance. Vice and Idleness are two sisters, and both are the children of Ignorance; but Knowledge is the parent both of Virtue and of Industry.

Mr. Ensor, p. 13, very properly notices the wish of Mr. Colquhoun to restrict the education of the poor within the narrowest limitations. 'He (Colquhoun) would,' says Mr. Ensor, 'permit the people to learn what was *absolutely necessary*; and on the same principle he would probably feed them on bread and water.'

We are so far from agreeing with Mr. Colquhoun, that the people cannot be taught too little, that we think they cannot be taught too much. The more they know, the less likely are they to make a bad use of what they know. The more men know, the more humble they usually become. The more conscious are they of their imperfections and their ignorance.

In another passage quoted by Mr. Ensor, Mr. Colquhoun says, that '*science and learning, if universally diffused, would speedily overturn the best constituted government on earth.*' Whatever Mr. Colquhoun may think, we are certain that the tree of knowledge does not bear those fruits of anarchy and insubordination which he asserts.

Knowledge renders men tractable, and submissive to civil ordinances, in all cases where those ordinances are founded upon reason, and have a manifest tendency to promote the public happiness. Where the people indeed are generally enlightened, it will be necessary for governments to be just. But does Mr. Colquhoun mean that the ignorance of the people is necessary to serve as a barrier to the injustice of the government?

‘What greater contradiction can be uttered,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘than that the best constituted government must fall, (unless the best be extremely bad) if knowledge were universally diffused? How can citizens fully appreciate the advantages of an active police, of wise laws, of conscientious judges, of expert and upright governors, if they want intelligence, if their minds be uncultivated and unimproved?’

The moral order of society is the basis from which every good political constitution must spring. This moral order consists in the general observance of temperance, truth, honesty, and other virtues, in the general intercourse of life. But how is this moral order likely to be subverted by the instruction of the people? Is it not more likely to be improved and perfected by the instruction of the people? Or will it be said by the advocates of ignorance that men are moral in proportion as they are ignorant, and that their performance of their duty is in a direct ratio to their incapacity of understanding it?

‘For what reason,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘should a universal diffusion of knowledge disorganize or unsettle any commonwealth, which deserved to remain undisturbed? Is it insinuated, that it would enable the lower orders to equal the higher, by affording them means for the acquisition of knowledge?’

We would ask, is not knowledge an infinite series of truths? Can any man ever know all that is to be known? Does any degree of proficiency in knowledge amongst the poor therefore furnish any just grounds for the alarms of avarice or the emotions of jealousy amongst the rich?

In all states of society, and under all the forms of which political institutions are susceptible, the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which belong to the rich, must greatly outnumber those which are the lot of the poor. For the constitution of the world is such, that we might almost as well endeavour to destroy the distinctions of day and night, as to abolish those of rich and poor. If the poor, by the means of the Lancastrian plan of instruction, or by any other means, be raised one or two degrees in the scale of knowledge, those who are more wealthy, have

opportunities of rising still higher, and of keeping as much above the level of a civilized and enlightened, as they have now above a rude and illiterate poor. However wise therefore, or even philosophical the people may become, as long as their superiors in affluence or rank become more wise and philosophical, the present inequalities of the social scheme, for which such trembling apprehensions are entertained by infatuated alarmists, would still remain. The whole would be improved, but there would be no less actual disparity in the particular parts than at present, if all were improved in the same degree.

‘Suppose,’ says our able author, ‘that general learning rendered the people more apt to feel, and more active to repress, even imaginary evils. What then? If learning be the bane, it is the antidote also. The well-educated and enlightened are never dangerous to any tolerable government; while the ignorant are dangerous to all.’

That public peace which is the result of ignorance, is rather the sleep of death than the serenity of life. It is the stagnation of thought, the torpor of the brain, the chilled quiescence of all the best faculties of the soul. But that peace, which is the product of knowledge, is full of activity and cheerfulness. The heart of man is illumined with the sunshine of joy; and all the best affections exert their efforts to enliven the scene.

The government, which subsists only by the ignorance and the misery of its subjects, must finally become a prey to that anarchy and destruction, which Mr. Colquhoun seems to think more likely to be produced by ‘knowledge universally diffused.’ But such a government, as we have just mentioned, arms all the most malignant passions against itself; and the longer they are suppressed, the more terrible will be the violence when it bursts its bounds. ‘Liberty, without wisdom,’ according to a remark of Mr. Ensor, ‘is power uncontrolled; and superstition is only restrained from inflicting exterminating vengeance by its inability.’

‘If the people be ignorant, superstitious, and debased, what signify the wisest laws?’ * * * ‘Education, and its consequence, instruction, when disseminated among all the citizens of a state, acts as an universal monitor.’

We will add that whilst it forms a solid and durable basis for the best government, it tends to soften the ferocity, and to improve the conduct of the worst. All go-

vernment must, in a greater or less degree, accommodate itself to the public sentiment. But how different is the public sentiment amongst a rude and a cultivated people?

‘What are laws without morals?’ exclaimed a Roman poet. ‘But I ask,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘what are morals without education? A baseless fabric. How can men be moral, who are not principled in rectitude? Where, people are reared remissly, the state abounds with criminals; while on the contrary, where they are well educated, crimes rarely occur. Howard found few criminals comparatively in Switzerland and Scotland; which he attributed to the more regular education of the lower orders of the people; and Bradford also attributes the same consequence in New England to the same cause.’

The performance of moral duty may indeed in particular cases be produced by compulsion, or the dread of punishment; or it may be the result of habit, independent of information. But that moral agency, which is most the object of commendation and of recompense, and on which most reliance can be placed in circumstances of temptation, supposes that rational preference of virtue to vice, which arises from a just discrimination of the consequences; and is the effect not of instinct but of education. And who would prefer the forced, though orderly movements of a machine, to the pure and upright volitions of a cultivated mind?

Mr. Ensor very justly ascribes to education those differences of national character, which less profound inquirers impute to climate, and other physical causes.

‘The Roman boys were eminently prudent; which, Polybius says, many attributed to their generation. This impertinence the historian has censured, and at the same time rightly referred their prudence to their education. It is not however in the manners of children that the effects of education are most manifest; but in those of men; when early impressions through time have become fixed and habitual. In such circumstances it might be said of them in the reply of Aristippus to one who asked him what advantages philosophers had over other men, ‘that were there no laws, they would act justly.’ And how is philosophy to be obtained except by education, which of course comprehends literature? It was for this reason that the ancients inscribed on the tomb of Orpheus, that he was the inventor equally of letters and wisdom.’

Mr. Ensor next exhibits some brief sketches of the education that was practised by the Spartans, the Athenians, the Persians, and the Chinese. He then treats of endowed

schools of various descriptions in England and Ireland. He begins with Ireland, where he says, that the 'bad things of England are uniformly debased; and first of the Irish charter-schools, which of bad things are the worst.' It appears from a report of a board of education on the state of the schools of Ireland, that there are thirty-nine charter-schools in that country, which afford instruction only to about two thousand two hundred boys and girls, and yet cost the nation near fifty thousand pounds a year. For this sum we suppose that the whole population of Ireland might be educated on the Lancastrian plan. But Mr. Lancaster would not employ his talents in exterminating, nor lend his aid to exterminate the Catholic faith, nor the faith of any sect in Christendom. Mr. Edgeworth, who seems latterly to have obtained some *new light* into the depths of theology, says that 'the absurdities of Popery are so glaring, that to be hated they need but be seen.' 'How are they to be seen,' says Mr. Ensor; 'Does he mean by viewing them through the lens of a dogmatist?' If the absurdities of popery be so palpably obvious as this *great judge of polemics*, Mr. Edgeworth has declared, how happens it that the two millions of Irish Catholics, who are certainly not wanting in perspicacity, should never yet have seen the absurdity which is affirmed to be so manifest? But it appears that the bribe even of fifty thousand pounds a year is not sufficient to make the Irish Catholics open their eyes to behold the chimeras and delusions of their ecclesiastical communion.

'To expose the baseness of education,' says Mr. Ensor, 'in these (Irish, proselyting) schools, two extracts from the report of the commissioners will be sufficient. "*When parents are permitted to visit their children who are confined in them, the master or mistress is always to be present.*"

And again,

"But the avowed object of the present society being to educate children intrusted to its care in the established religion, whenever the object is likely to be interrupted by the interference of the parents, the child is removed from the neighbourhood of the parents' residence to a more distant school.' What a view of education does this present! why the Jews did not treat their proselytes, who were Gentiles, worse than these Protestants treat their fellow-christians and fellow-citizens.'

The above certainly furnishes a most delectable picture of the *tender mercies* of a proselyting spirit, when it

mingles itself with any measures of political administration. The connection of parent and child is totally dissolved. And for what? Only that the child may profess a creed of a different hue from that of the father. Thus the course of christian instruction is begun by a deliberate violation of the fifth commandment. But, perhaps, it is thought by these sticklers for creeds, that a profession of faith in thirty-nine contradictory articles is of more value than all the charities of life.

We shall not follow Mr. Ensor in his strictures on the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and on the vindication of the first by the learned tutor of Oriel College. Mr. Ensor's main objection is, that in these institutions, those parts of knowledge are untaught, which the citizens of a free state ought particularly to learn. But we must do Mr. Ensor the justice to say, that his remarks seem not to be influenced by malevolence or resentment. The love of truth, we have, no doubt, uniformly directs his pen; and as this virtuous independence of mind is a rare and estimable quality, it ought to procure a candid and patient hearing even when he attacks some of our fondest prepossessions. The following is a noble sentiment, and if it were generally practised, a great and happy change would soon take place in the moral state of man. 'Man's first homage is to truth; and he who swerves from truth by saying less or more than he believes, breaks his fealty to his superior lord.'

Whilst Mr. Ensor objects to the plan of study pursued at the universities, he would not wish the Edinburgh *reviewers* invested with power to introduce their scale of merit into those venerable institutions. Mr. Ensor would not place Bentley and Porson on a level 'with the discoverer of a neutral salt.'

Mr. Ensor next considers 'the bad effects of incorporated Academies, of Boards, and of the pensions and patronage of Kings, Ministers, and legislatures to learning, liberty, and truth!' Mr. Ensor argues, that incorporated societies do not contribute much to the advancement of science, and that they tend to generate an *esprit de corps* which causes the prejudices of individuals to be adopted as the sentiments of the body, and is unfavourable to impartial investigation. All those great discoveries, which have shed most lustre on genius, most promoted the happiness and meliorated the condition of man, have not been the work of incorporated societies, but of individual sagacity and exertion.

Our author contends, that the patronage of kings and ministers has not promoted literature and the arts. It appears to us, that though this patronage does not promote the growth nor increase the fruits of literature and the arts, it is, at least, usefully employed in remunerating those whom untoward circumstances have involved in indigence and misfortune. To procreate genius is beyond its power; but it may be of great avail to soothe or support in poverty, in sickness, or in age. The patronage of kings and ministers might thus be very beneficial, if it were placed under the direction of Humanity. At present, while there is but little of the thing itself, that little is usually only a sordid intrigue or selfish job, a truckling of money for obsequious servitude or nauseous praise.

Mr. Ensor well remarks, that where a state is so constituted, that men

'attain estimation and power according to their acquisitions, they must improve their faculties.' 'Were the people treated decorously, * * * were not religion added to the many civil causes of insult, all would eagerly learn: did capacity and not wealth, and family, and believing, and baseness appoint to all offices of emolument and consequence, all would endeavour to distinguish themselves.'

The desire of knowledge seems as much the appetite of man's nature as hunger and thirst, or the desire of meat and drink. There is little occasion, therefore, to endeavour to force learning up, as long as no force is used to keep it down. The best method which *governments* can pursue with respect to scholarship, is that which they have so often been urged to adopt with respect to commerce,—to LET IT ALONE. The gradual progress of civilization and the natural course of events will lend it more effectual encouragement than it is ever likely to derive from the bounties of governments or the contrivances of politicians.

Where governments meddle with education, it will be usually found, that they do it with the hope of finding in it a more ready expedient for enslaving the people not only in body but in mind. The present state of France will convince us to what an extent this crafty policy of public instruction may be carried and the despotic purposes which it may be made to serve. Mr. E. contends with much learning and ability, that neither the monarch nor his ministers should interfere in the education of the people. He, at the same time, combats some of the notions of Mr. Edgeworth on this important subject and exposes some of the defects of his plan.

Mr. Ensor very judiciously points out the education of women as an object of primary attention and the danger of neglecting it.

'The education of women,' says he, 'should be regarded for every reason. First, for their own sakes, as daughters and wives. Without education, woman's attractions seldom extend beyond the beauty of her youth and the passions of her husband. It should be regarded for the husband's sake. He who marries one whose mind is improved like his own, is truly mated, and his house is directed by a double wisdom. An educated wife (I do not mean one of modish education, for this teaches idleness with much trouble, and at great expence), is the cause of order and economy, and ease and happiness. The wife's endowments improve the husband's temper, and her pursuits add charms and activity to his. The education of woman should also be regarded independently of herself and her husband, purely in respect to her children, if indeed any benefit can be acquired by parent or child without communicating good to both. In all countries, children in their earliest and most susceptible years are necessarily committed to women, and in some their preparatory education is wholly consigned to them, as among the Romans, as also in the times of chivalry, the child destined to knighthood remained till seven years old under the care of women. But it is not merely noble matrons who may confer on men the greatest advantages by initiating them in truth and wisdom; the poorest women, as nurses and servants, have often the greatest opportunity to injure or improve the first patrician's son in the commonwealth. As she has been taught she will teach, and thence good or evil, reason or prejudice, will be irretrievably impressed on the infant's mind.'

In that species of education which is made accessible to the poorer classes of the community, care should certainly be taken to teach that which is 'generally useful, and in such a manner that what is useful may be attained by the greatest number. Consequently the cheapness of learning is an object of chief importance.' Mr. Ensor is now naturally led to bestow some attention upon the plans of education which are so well known under the names of Dr. Bell and of Mr. Lancaster; but we shall pass over this subject for the present, and reserve it for the conclusion of this article, as we intend to bestow on it a more particular attention.

Mr. Ensor is 'unfriendly to any forced contribution for the erection or maintenance of schools.' We are of opinion, that national education will be much better promoted by voluntary contributions than by compulsory imposts.

Would our hospitals be so well managed, if they were supported by a direct tax, as they are, at present, by the spontaneous aid of the beneficent? The same remark may be applied to schools or hospitals for the instruction of the poor. The more enlightened the opulent become, the more they will find it for their *interest* that the poor should be enlightened too. Let public instruction be left to voluntary beneficence rather than become the object of *political management*. The English poor laws are already sufficiently burthensome, without any additional impositions.

Mr. Ensor says, p. 204, that education 'is not valuable if it cannot purchase its own advantage.' We have no doubt but that the cultivation of the mind, like other species of cultivation, will be increased in proportion to the demand, and the author thinks, that the wise way is to let education advance according to the demand. This is the way to put nothing out of its place, but to let the social fabric be proportionably improved and beautified in every part.

Our benevolent author is no friend to birch, as an intellectual stimulant. He is unwilling that flogging should be employed in the discipline of education, and he thinks, that it can answer no end except to render boys callous to bodily pain. Might he not have added, that it tends to debase the mind and to fit the sentiments for servitude? Severity is not the best way to manage either men or boys. All winning means should be employed in the education of youth 'that are not dishonest; for what deviates from rectitude is inapplicable to any honourable purpose.' Those who are entrusted with the sacred office of instruction, should be particularly careful not by any injudicious treatment to destroy that sensibility to shame which is such an amiable feature in the juvenile character, and the total want of which marks the last stage in the process of human depravation. In the latter part of Mr. Ensor's book, we find many very good practical remarks on education, illustrated, in his usual manner, by the fruits of much and various reading. We will now return to give some time to DR. BELL AND MR. LANCASTER.

Both these gentlemen seem anxious to claim the praise of an extraordinary discovery. But, though the real practical merits of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster differ very much in magnitude, the high claims of discovery belong not to one more than to the other. Both are indebted for their *discovery* or their *new principle* of instruction to the ingenuity of

their predecessors in a very distant age, though both (and more particularly Mr. Lancaster), have applied it on a larger scale and to purposes of more general utility.

What is called the 'Madrass System,' as far as it consists in copying the alphabet in sand, or, in learning reading and writing at the same time, has been practised in Asia from the most remote period, and Mr. Ensor has proved, that it was not unknown in Greece by a reference to the Protagoras of Plato. We may also remark, that Philostratus makes an allusion to the practice of writing in sand.*

'Shaw likewise (Travels, p. 194), mentions an additional acquisition by the Turkish boys, among whom we should least expect a combination of this kind. He says, that when they are about six years old, they are sent to school, where they learn to read, write, and *repeat* at the same time. They make no use of paper; each boy writes on a smooth board slightly daubed with whiting, which may be wiped off or renewed at pleasure. To teach to read and write together was among the proposals of Condorcet.'

The practice of teaching reading and writing at the same time is a *discovery* to the merit of which Mr. Lancaster is certainly as much entitled as Dr. Bell, and Dr. Bell as Mr. Lancaster. With respect to the other part of the 'Madrass System,' that of abridging the labour of the master by making the boys teach one another, this is a *discovery* of rather more ancient date than the pedagogical labours of Dr. Bell at Madrass. What school ever was there in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, in which the master has not occasionally employed the elder and more learned boys to teach the younger and more ignorant? The merit of Dr. Bell consists not in having made a *new discovery*, but in having given more method, more consistency, and extension to an old practice. Dr. Bell has converted an occasional usage into the regular routine of education.

Much praise is certainly due to Dr. Bell for this improvement in the mechanism of a popular school, by which the labour of instruction is directed with more benefit both to the scholar and the master. The scholar, in teaching others, cannot but add to his own proficiency, and more scope is given for the superintendence and a wider sphere opened for the usefulness of the master.

* * * * γράφον ταῦτα, ὡςπερ οἱ παῖδες ἐν τῇ ᾤκῳ. Philostr. lib. 11. c. 22. Ed. Olear. p. 74.

But the praise of facilitating the mechanical process of education, which is due to Dr. Bell, is due in a still greater degree to Mr. Lancaster. The various details, and indeed the whole conduct of Mr. Lancaster's schools are greatly superior to those which are formed on the 'Madrasah System.' This superiority will almost immediately strike those who have seen the two. There is an air of cheerfulness in the schools of Mr. Lancaster which is not so visible in those of Dr. Bell.

The sensation excited by the view of the schools which have more immediately branched from the '*Madrasah System*,' is tame, and dull and insipid compared with the enlivening joy and the heartfelt transport which are kindled in the soul when we contemplate the institutions under the direction of Mr. Lancaster in their present effects and their future probable results. We do not indeed deny but that *what is called* 'Orthodoxy,' may have more to hope from the schools of Dr. Bell; but Humanity and Truth are certainly most interested in those of Mr. Lancaster.

The question of merit between Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster can be fairly decided only by being brought to the test of practical usefulness. Neither of them has made any signal *discovery*, nor will posterity assign to either the high praise of *inventive* genius. Dr. Bell appears to us to be a sort of dull plodding man. Mr. Lancaster has more elasticity of mind and more force of character. But both have contributed something, though one much more than the other, to the good of the rising generation.

The scheme of education which is recommended by Mr. Lancaster, appears to us to predominate in utility on several accounts, principally because it tends to keep down that sectarian narrow-mindedness which is the bane of social life, and to diffuse a spirit of charity and forbearance among men of the most opposite persuasions and the most discordant sentiments. But the system which is strenuously maintained by Dr. Bell and his friends by restricting men exclusively to the pale of one communion, tends to produce a malignant antipathy towards persons of a different creed and contrary sentiments. The plan of Mr. Lancaster cannot but exert a benign influence on the heart, for it exercises all the best affections in the midst of the most striking diversities of theological belief.

That christianity is worthless or counterfeit which is not mingled with the spirit of universal charity. This charity thinketh no ill of its neighbour's faith which is enveloped

in the heart, and the reality or the affectation of which is known to God alone. Charity never says to its neighbour, I will consider you as a miscreant and an outcast if you adopt not my mode of worship and repeat not my formula of belief. Charity is rather indifferent to modes of faith. It heeds them not. Where true beneficence dwells in the soul, a diversity of religious belief is no impediment to its operations. Is this charity to be found more in the schools of Dr. Bell or of Mr. Lancaster?

'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,' were the words of The Inspired Teacher to the criminal, the indigent, and unfortunate of his time. And they speak the true language and breathe the true spirit of commiseration. Let us see how it is copied by Mr. Lancaster and Dr. Bell. The exhortation of Mr. Lancaster is: Come unto me ye children of ignorance and misfortune, and I will render you useful and happy members of society, teaching you fervently to adore God and tenderly to love one another, notwithstanding any contrarieties in your own or your parents' creeds. The address of Dr. Bell is in spirit if not in the letter: Come to me all ye who are willing to profess an exclusive creed, and bow down your heads in passive obedience and uninquiring credulity to the thirty-nine articles of the Established Church.

It has been strenuously urged, that the established clergy should not support the schools of Mr. Lancaster, because Mr. Lancaster does not *exclusively* teach the doctrines of the establishment. On the same principle of reasoning, we might dissuade the clergy from subscribing to any of the London hospitals, because those hospitals are open to the sick and lame of all sects, and do not require the poor sufferers, previously to their admission, to make a confession of faith agreeable to the thirty-nine articles.

Intellectual charity is as much a virtue as corporeal. To minister indeed to the culture of the mind is even of higher importance than any other act of beneficence: but will a feeling heart, when it contributes either to the instruction or the sustenance of the poor, insist that they shall profess their adherence to a particular theological creed before they are relieved? Is a minister of the establishment, whenever he meets some houseless wretch who solicits an alms, to desire him to say Amen to the Athanasian creed before he puts his hand in his pocket for his relief?

The schools of Mr. Lancaster are founded upon the true

principle of universal charity. They are open to the IGNORANT OF ALL SECTS. Bigotry and Intolerance do not stand sentry at the door. The children are not required, like those of the Irish charity schools, to forsake the creed of their ancestors the moment they are admitted within the walls.

Mr. Lancaster neither forces his own creed nor any particular and exclusive creed on the minds of his pupils. No; he puts the Bible into their hands, where they may learn that points of practice are of more moment than points of speculation, and that to do to others as they would that others should do to them, is the whole duty of man. As far as the thirty-nine articles are contained in the Bible, the pupils may read them there; but if, as has been supposed, some of those articles are not to be found in that book, are the Scriptures to be banished to make way for the articles, or are the articles to yield the precedence to the Scriptures? If the Scriptures merit the precedence, then Mr. Lancaster gives it where it is due, and withholds it where it is not.

The prayer-book of the establishment contains three creeds. Is Mr. Lancaster to teach one or all of these? If he is to teach only one, which is he to choose? If he is to teach them all, is he to assert, that they are all the same, when each is different? Or is he to lay it down as a principle in his schools, that truth is made up of contradictions? Instead of encountering these absurdities, does not Mr. Lancaster act more like a wise and a good man, more like the friend of righteousness and truth, in teaching the children under his care to read the Scriptures and learn their duty, than in puzzling their brains with a labyrinth of theological metaphysics, or in contracting their benevolence by any of the formularies of modern orthodoxy?

The great object of Mr. Lancaster is to propagate truth, to promote usefulness, and to diffuse charity; but what is the object of his opponents? We shall leave the question to be answered by those who are so busy in elevating their own ambitious and mercenary views on the basis of existing prejudices.

Let the two systems of Dr. Bell and of Mr. Lancaster be appreciated by the standard of scriptural truth, of public utility, or of their different tendencies with respect to the promotion of individual happiness, of general knowledge, and of national liberty, and there can be no doubt to which the preference is due. Indeed it is our fixed opinion, that

there is no more comparison between them in these particulars than between the light of the sun and that of a farthing candle.

The brightest feature in the reign of his present majesty is the free, unsolicited support which he has afforded to the schools of Mr. Lancaster, and which he persisted in supporting notwithstanding the subtle intrigues and base misrepresentations of some narrow-minded bigots and alarmists, to make him withdraw his approbation. When a shade is cast over the other events of his reign, or when many of them shall be the objects of blame rather than applause, when the voice of delusion has ceased, and the tongue of Flattery is crumbled into dust, then this one glorious trait will redeem his memory from detraction, and will cause the lover of his species to cast a look of affection on his tomb.

ART. II.—*The Dramatic Works of John Ford, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Henry Weber, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. lix. 449. 506. Edinburgh, Constable and Co. 1811.*

ART. III.—*A Letter to William Gifford, Esq. on the late Edition of Ford's Plays, chiefly as relating to Ben Jonson. By Octavius Gilchrist, Esq. 8vo. pp. 45. London, Murray, 1811.*

MUCH of the labour of reviewing the former of these works is saved by the author of the latter, which is in fact a critique, or what we call a *review*, of Mr. Weber's book, quoad the editor's charging Ben Jonson with enmity to John Ford, a contemporary dramatist. But before we plunge into the thick of this subject, we had better inform our readers who Mr. Weber is, and who John Ford was, taking for granted only their acquaintance with Ben Jonson. The editor then is, we understand, by birth a German, residing at Edinburgh, and exercising his craft with a very laudable diligence, but with rather an inferior competence so to exercise it, under Mr. Walter Scott. He has already published to the world from ancient manuscripts, Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, with an Introduction, Notes and a Glossary, Tales of the East, collated with the Original or early Translations, and he found a place in the tail of his friend, Mr. Scott's *Comet of Marmion*, by reprinting the

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old ballad of the Battle of Flodden Field. But 'the greatest is behind.' We tremble to announce it: he is now employed in editing the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, 'illustrated with *critical* and explanatory Notes, and Biographical Notices,' and including the additional play, lately produced by the Rev. Mr. Kett, of Oxford, a task which was once in the hands of Mr. Scott. Thus much at present for Mr. Weber. Now for the dramatist here edited. John Ford is one of those 'English dramatic poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare,' to whom Mr. Charles Lamb introduced the generality of the public in his excellent 'Specimens.'

'The whole period,' says that gentleman truly, 'from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I. comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton.'

John Ford was baptized in Devonshire, April 17, 1586, and entered as a student of the Middle Temple, November 16, 1602. In 1606, when he was not yet one and twenty years of age, he published an occasional poem entitled 'Fame's Memoriall,' on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, which he dedicated to the countess, his widow. 'It is not improbable,' says Mr. Weber, 'that he had been induced by the patronage of the earl to pay this tribute of respect to his memory.' This may or may not be; but in a copy of the poem now lying before us, we read:

'Let not therefore (worthy countesse), my rasher presumption, seeme presumptuous folly, in the eyes of your discreeter iudgement, in that without your priuitie (*being a meere straunger altogether vnknowne vnto you*), I haue thus aduentured, to shelter my lines, vnder the well-guided conduct of your honorable name: grounding my boldnes vpon this assurance, that true gētility is euer accōpanyd (especially in your sex, more specially in your selfe), with her inseparable adlunct, singular humanity, principally towards those *whom neither mercenary hopes or seruile flattery*, haue induced to speake but with the priuiledge of troth.'

There is nothing but mere extravagant eulogy in this poem. In the year 1603-4, Ford, in conjunction with Dekkar, produced the *Masque of the Sun's Darling*, and from this time was a regular writer for the stage, his other plays being the following eight, which, together with the *Masque*, form the contents of the present volumes, viz. 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, The Lover's Melancholy, The

Broken Heart, Love's Sacrifice, Perkin Warbeck, The Fancies Charte and Noble, The Lady's Trial, and the Witch of Edmontón, the last being only a partnership account with Rowley, Dekkar, &c.; the following four, the manuscripts of which were accidentally destroyed by Mr. Warburton's negligence in putting them in the way of his cook, and which Mr. Gilchrist conjectures were his juvenile productions, as they were the only unpublished ones, viz. Beauty in a Trance, The London Merchant, The Royal Combat, An Ill Beginning has a Good End*, and a Good Beginning may have a Bad End; and the following three, which Mr. Gilchrist justly reproaches Mr. Weber for neither naming nor printing in his, 'The Dramatic Works of John Ford,' viz. 'The Fairy Knight,' 'A late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother,' and 'The Bristowe Merchant,' the first and third written in conjunction with Dekkar, and the second with Webster: in all sixteen. None of these plays were printed till the year 1629, when Ford ventured to the press with his Lover's Melancholy, and he afterwards himself superintended the printing of nearly all his other plays comprised in these volumes, with as much pains as Ben-Jonson did, not leaving them to their fate as Shakspeare did his plays. The date of Ford's death has not been ascertained: we ourselves searched the Commons for twenty-five years from the publication of his last play (1639), without effect. The Broken Heart and 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, are, without doubt, the best of Ford's plays. In a note to the most beautiful scene of the latter production, which forms one of Mr. Lamb's Specimens, the critic, warm with those beauties, exclaims: 'Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds.' We have the highest opinion of Mr. Lamb's critical powers, and if Mr. Weber had not published nine long plays of John Ford, should have bowed to this judgment; but this it is to criticise from parcels and specimens. Two or three of Ford's plays have considerable merit: four or five of his scenes are highly beautiful; but when we have said this,

* This play is entered on the Stationers' Book, whence Mr. Weber gets the titles of these *dead letters*, 'An Ill Beginning has a Good End, and a Bad Beginning may have a Good End,' which Mr. Weber cautiously supposes to be 'corrupt.' There is no doubt but that the real title was as we have given it in the text.—Rev.

we have exhausted all the praise we have to bestow upon John Ford. Taking him as we find him, even in Mr. Lamb's *Beauties*, we do not think he deserved reprinting so well as Marlowe, Heywood, Dekkar, or Webster: taking him as we find him in Mr. Weber's volumes, and as we have been compelled to wade through him, we have found him very wearisome, and, as one of his London publishers said to us, scarcely *fordable*. For this reason, we are disposed to be quite contented with *specimens* of most of these minor dramatic poets of the early part of the seventeenth century, and are of opinion that those who call for their complete revival, are only pulling over their heads a house of such books as Weber's Ford. We know that men like Mr. Gilchrist have an aversion from scraps and specimens, and demand all or none; and it is only upon this principle that we can account for that gentleman's unjust slight of the labours of Mr. Charles Lamb, of the nature of which we are glad, for the respect in which we hold Mr. Gilchrist's judgment, to find he is completely unacquainted. In the first place, Mr. Gilchrist, in the pamphlet before us, says, that Mr. Lamb is 'already known to the world by a small tale or romance, facetiously termed, by the inhabitants of Paternoster-row, *Lamb's Tail*,' whereas that gentleman has never published a tale or romance at all, and it must be his excellent *Tales from Shakspeare* which are thus designated, if any thing; and, in the second place, Mr. Gilchrist says, his *Specimens* are in two octavo volumes, whereas they are in one volume, crown octavo. If that gentleman would condescend to look at Mr. Lamb's *Specimens*, which, we are confident, he never has seen, he would find in the 'great luminary of English literature, ycleped Charles Lamb,' as he is pleased to call him, just such a restorer of old English poetry as he desiderates, when he says:

'Many and various are the qualifications necessary to do justice to the office, such as taste, genius, a decent portion of learning, critical judgment, a mind awake to the beauties of poetry, and a thorough acquaintance with the language of the reign of Elizabeth and her successors: to these should be added patient industry to secure a correct text, as a foundation for *their* exercise.' P. 14.

But Mr. Gilchrist's prejudice against specimens ran away with his patient judgment, and he has done that against Mr. Lamb which he will be sorry for.

We shall now present our readers with a few *specimens*

of John Ford's genius, and shall then proceed to examine the editorial qualifications of Mr. Weber by the above very excellent standard.

'Tis pity she's a Whore,' was the first of Ford's plays, which appeared on the stage; and upon this Mr. Weber observes with justice:

'Few dramatic authors have commenced their career with a production which more strongly breathes the very soul of poetry; but few have chosen a more unfortunate subject for the display of their talents. The vivid glow of passion with which the incestuous intercourse of Giovanni and Annabella is delineated, has justly been termed by Langhaine "too beautiful" for the subject, and the utter wreck and degradation of two characters which are held up to admiration in the commencement, the one gifted with every qualification of a generous and philosophical soul, the other interesting for every thing which can render a female mind amiable, assails our feelings too powerfully, and renders the perusal of one of the finest plays in point of pathetic effect, even painful. The conduct of the principal plot is skillfully interwoven with the subordinate one, the interest is not suffered to cool, a defect too frequent in the plays of that age, and the catastrophe is brought about with much dramatic art. With regard to the characters, none of them are amiable without alloy of baseness, except the Friar (a well-drawn copy of Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*), and the insipid husband of Hippolita.'

Incest has always been a favourite subject with tragic writers of strong powers. Mr. Lamb has given two or three beautiful scenes from this play: we shall not clash with his specimens in presenting our readers with the following brief passage; but the whole play is in Dodsley:—

SCENE VI.—The Friar's Cell.

The Friar sitting in a chair: Annabella kneeling and whispering to him; a table before them and wax-lights: she weeps, and wrings her hands.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann.

Wretched creature!

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(List, daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,

But flaming horror of consuming fires;
 A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoking fogs
 Of an infected darkness; in this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
 Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders; there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
 There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.*

Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
 And secret incests, cursing one another;
 Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
 Had been a dagger's point: there you shall hear
 How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
 Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"—
 But soft; methinks I see repentance work
 New motions in your heart: say? how is't with you?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Friar. There is; despair not: Heav'n is merciful,
 And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
 First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
 The lord Soranzo: next, to save your soul,
 Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Ann. Ay [ah] me!

Friar. Sigh not: I know the baits of sin
 Are hard to leave; oh! 'tis a death to do't!
 Remember what must come. Are you content?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well; we'll take the time.
 Who's near us there? &c. pp. 63-5.

But the noblest specimen of Ford's dramatic skill is the catastrophe of the Broken Heart, which we would transcribe at length were it not already to be found in Mr. Lamb's book. Of this, that critic speaks with a proper warmth of feeling.

'I do not know in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is, indeed, according to Milton,

* 'The present description is as sublime as any ever attempted of the infernal punishments. Most of the images are derived from popular poems describing the wanderings through purgatory, such as Owain, Tundale, &c.'

to "describe high passions, and high actions." The fortitude of the Spartan Boy, who lets a beast gnaw out his bowels till he dies, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of the dilaceration of spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake! a little bodily suffering: *these* torments

— 'On the purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

Mr. Lamb has also been beforehand with us in giving the best specimen of Ford's descriptive talents, in the story of the contention of a bird and a musician from Strada's Prolusions, which is introduced in the Lover's Melancholy. Of some circumstances attending a revival of this play, we shall have occasion hereafter to speak. The play of Love's Sacrifice was certainly framed with an eye to Shakspeare's Othello; but it richly deserves that character which Dennis was profane enough to give to the noble tragedy of our divine bard, 'a bloody farce without salt or savour.' Ford has one historical play, 'Perkin Warbeck,' to fill up the gap between Shakspeare's Richard III. and Henry VIII. This is by no means Ford's worst attempt to imitate our inimitable bard. The attachment of Lord Dalrymple to Lady Catherine Gordon, after her rejection of him is somewhat strange; but the character of Catherine is still amiable. Perkin Warbeck is spiritedly drawn; but Shakspeare would have represented King Henry VII. as stingy as he was: he never minced matters, except sometimes when they interfered with the court of the day. But Perkin Warbeck is altogether a good historical play, and the character of the Earl of Huntley is excellent. We quote the following soliloquy of Warbeck.

'A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! Such advantage
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is brib'd

By trains to greatness! Princes are but men
 Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty;
 Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
 For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
 The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds,
 Subjects are men; on earth kings men and gods.'

Vol. II. p. 87-8.

There is also much fire in Perkins's reply to Lambert Simnell, who tells him, that *he* once pretended to the earldom of Warwick, but was pacified by being made the king's falconer, and adds,

' Let my example lead thee; be no longer
 A counterfeit; confess, and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon! hold my heart-strings, whilst contempt
 Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
 To this base man's foul language! Thou poor vermin,
 How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
 Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
 As all thy swing of slight ambition flew at.
 A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
 By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
 To infect the purer air, which drops again
 Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.
 Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
 From the base headle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes.
 But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine;
 Thou would'st not change condition to be second
 In England's state, without the crown itself!
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
 But let the world, as all, to whom I am
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
 And by tradition fix posterity,
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffer'd
 A martyrdom of majesty!'

Vol. II. p. 101-2.

Warbeck goes to death thus:

' *Oxford.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
 To wait on you in death!

War. Why, peers of England!
 We'll lead them on courageously. I read
 A triumph over tyranny upon
 Their sev'ra' foreheads. Faint not in the moment
 Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
 Innocent Warwick's head (for we are prologue
 But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
 Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race

Of fourteen kings Plantagenets, determines,
 In this last issue male; Heav'n be obey'd!
 Impov'rish time of its amazement, friends,
 And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
 As prodigal to nature in our debts.
 Death! pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
 A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood: here, the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
 Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.*

Vol. II. p. 106—7.

The Sun's Darling by Ford and Dekkar is a strange rhodomontade, but it contains some poetry; witness the conclusion.

The Sun———' Here in this mirror,
 Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
 The season of the *Spring* dawns like the morning,
 Bedewing childhood with unrelish'd beauties,
 Of gaudy sights; the *Summer*, as the noon,
 Shines in delight of youth, and ripens strength
 To *Autumn's* manhood; here the evening grows,
 And knits up all felicity in folly:
*Winter** at last draws on the night of age;
 Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
 Untasted or untried, puts off the minute
 Of resolution, which should bid farewell
 To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
 The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree
 Of his creation, with a royal bounty,
 Give him *Health, Youth, Delight*,* for free attendants
 To rectify his carriage; to be thankful
 Again to them, man should cashier his riots
 His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle *Humour*;
 His reason's dangerous seducer, *Folly*:*
 Then shall, like four straight pillars, the four elements
 Support the goodly structure of mortality;
 Then shall the four complexions, like four heads
 Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
 Nourish and comfort ev'ry vein and sinew.
 No sickness of contagion, no grim death

* All persons in the masque, of the allegory of which this is the interpretation. Rev.

Or* deprivation of health's real blessings,
 Shall then affright the creature built by Heav'n,
 Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
 In peace go to our altars, and no more
 Question the power of supernal greatness,
 But give us leave to govern as we please
 Nature and her dominion, who from us,
 And from our gracious influence, hath both being
 And preservation; no replies, but reverence!
 Men [man] hath a double guard, if time can win him,
 Heaven's power above him, his own peace within him.'

Vol. II. pp. 395—6.

The Witch of Edmonton by Rowley, Dekkar, and Ford, is still more interesting, and possesses comic touches, of which Ford was as incapable as Massinger; for instance, 'I heard, I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster;' and some good puns upon names at pp. 445, 6, 7, whereas Ford's few quibbles, like Massinger's, are wretched. The character of Mother Sawyer was well calculated to flatter the opinions as to witchcraft of King James, and much of her language is strong and poetical in a high degree. In the tragical plot of this play, there was doubtless much that spoke very plainly and forcibly to the homely feelings of our forefathers.

We now come to speak of the manner in which Mr. Weber has executed his office of editor. He has doubtless had the benefit of the assistance of Mr. Walter Scott; and it is to this circumstance we attribute whatever of critical remark there may be good in the introduction to the work. This may appear illiberal; but we are too forcibly convinced, by the various notes scattered through the volumes, and with all of which it was impossible for Mr. Scott to interfere, of Mr. Weber's incompetence, whether national or otherwise, to understand and explain his author. His own limited acquaintance with our language may have induced him to undervalue our's, and kindly to lead us from his author to the bottom of the page, for the sake of telling us that *drone* is a term of reproach, that *demur* is to *delay*, that *idle* is *useless*, that *to prefer* is sometimes used for *to offer*, that *but* has the force of *except*, that *an anatomy* means a *skeleton*, that *to determine* is to *put an end to*, and to explain such words as *zany*, *damm'd*, *list*, *limn*, *wriggle*, *huddle*, *chary*, *tenters*, *toss-pot*, &c. &c.

* * Or,] old copy of? Qu. right? Rev.

Mr. Weber is quite of the modern school of commentators, and writes as many notes as possible, instead of as few; he always speaks of these gentry as if they were in the highest estimation, and refers to the variorum Shakspeare, as to the great Polyglot Bible. His comment plainly speaks the German. With all Mr. Weber's parade and worship of note-writing, it is a pity he should ever be himself wrong, or leave unannotated obscure passages. But we have detected such sins, both of commission and omission, vol. 1. p. 354, if the imperative, as it obviously is, 'Quicken your sad remembrance,' be understood in the sense of *enliven* it, we need not be under the awkward necessity of explaining the passage, 'You quicken the sad memory of your loss.' Vol. II. p. 42, Mr. Weber needed not to have altered the text to '*quean*, the sense is, *perhaps* a queen, an uncertain and instable queen.' P. 80, we question the pun, said to be intended here. P. 175, Mr. Weber is quite wrong in assimilating the meaning of the word *contents* to the phrase *heart's content*. The latter is used for sufficiency, and obtains even now; e. g. Thomas Little:

'If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our *heart's content*.'

P. 195, in explaining the word *purchase*, *inheritance*, Mr. Weber has confounded one of the wisest distinctions of the English law. Vol. I. p. 276, the alteration here is entirely unnecessary; and so is that proposed at p. 331, vol. ii. Vol. I. p. 322, what Mr. Weber here calls a singularly strained phrase, appears to us a beautiful expression. P. 443, *fleshed* means *practiced*, not *cruel*. Vol. II. p. 423, Mr. Weber rightly explains *forespeak*, *forbid*; but 'cannot produce another instance of the sense required in the text.' As a witch was speaking, it is surprising he did not think of Shakspeare's

'He shall live a man *forbid*.'

P. 426, 644, the phrases 'forget the hobby-horse,' and 'the hobby-horse shall be remembered,' should have been illustrated by the several passages to the same effect, collected by Mr. Stevens, which shew that the phrase was proverbial. Our readers will recollect the passage in Hamlet. 'But, by'r-lady he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is *for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot*.' This line is also introduced in Love's Labour's

Lost. And so in Green's Tu Quoque: 'the other hobby-horse I perceive is not forgotten;' in Beaumont and Fletcher's Women pleased, 'Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then; and in one of Ben Jonson's masques; 'But see the Hobby-horse is forgot.' See Reed's Shakspeare, vol. xviii. p. 198. P. 436, Mr. Weber should have expunged the words *to wear her* in the second line; the repetition was doubtless an oversight, or rather a double-sight. The line would then read 'Love in this kind admits no reason;' or, as Shakspeare says in Cymbeline, 'Love's reason is no reason.' P. 443, 446, *Chessum* and *Chessum Street* can be no other than what are now called *Cheshunt* and *Cheshunt Street* in Herts.

Mr. Weber has, we dare say, upon the whole, produced a correct text of his author: the task of doing so was not difficult, for Ford had for the most part revised his own press. Vol. I. p. 310, *Armostes* should be *Amyclas*; and vol. II. p. 93, '*Has* Urswick, Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brook,' should be '*Have*.'

Ford's imitations of Shakspeare are very properly noticed by Mr. Weber, and his ribaldry is duly deducted from his merits. Mr. Weber allows too much, we think, to his pathos; but justly distinguishes him for his excellence in female portraiture. His affectation of originality did not strike us; if it consist in new coined words, we dare say he had them all of Jonson; if of strange machinery, look at Massinger. The heavy charge of Ford's dulness, is all that Mr. Weber has failed to notice. The reader may wish to see how Ford imitated Shakspeare; the following is not marked as such imitation by Mr. Weber:

————— Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with swords,
Become great Guzman's oratory best.

Vol. II. p. 250.

We did not sit quite tamely while Mr. Weber talked of 'the inferior genius of Dekkar,' (vol. II. p. 332) or of 'that literary bug-bear, Dr. Johnson,' (next page). We think Dekkar quite as well worth reviving as Ford; and

as to Dr. Johnson, if he were a *bear*, it is rather too contemptuous to call him a *bug-bear*.

It is now time to come to the question, which gave rise to the pamphlet, which forms the second article of this review. In the year 1748, Macklin the player revived Ford's play of the *Lover's Melancholy* for his benefit, and in order to attract the attention of the public to this revival, a letter was published in a newspaper of the time, pretending a quarrel and rivalry between Ford and Ben Jonson, of the particulars of which the public have been long in possession, in Mr. Malone's disquisition, entitled '*Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson.*' Nobody but Mr. Weber doubted that all this was a mere *russe de guerre* to secure Mr. Macklin a full house; but the present editor gravely '*declines deciding a question, both sides of which are supported by weighty arguments;*' and follows up the idle charges of enmity in Ford to Jonson, by reducing the following verses, prefixed by Shirley to Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, as evidently applying to Jonson:

'Look here, thou that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age;
Voluminously ignorant; be vexed.
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.'

This, and more of such coinage of the brain, has induced Mr. Gilchrist, the gentleman who so ably and satisfactorily vindicated Ben Jonson from any enmity to Shakspeare, again to take up the cudgels, and defend the same much injured dramatist from any ill-will (much less jealousy) towards Ford. The present pamphlet is, if possible, much more conclusive than the former one: the verses, Mr. Gilchrist clearly proves, applied to Prynne, who had just before published his '*Histriomastix, or Actor's Tragedie.*' Prynne's *tragedy*, which was to come *next*, was his sentence in the star-chamber for publishing his '*Voluminously ignorant*' book; and how could Ben Jonson, whose profession was to write for the stage, be charged with malice towards it, or '*contempt toward studies of this kind,*' the first words of Ford's dedication to the same play, which Mr. Weber quotes as a continuation of the anger against Jonson? Justly does Mr. Gilchrist exclaim, '*Ben Jonson jealous of Ford!*' Not to mention the vast inequality of their genius, Ben excelled in comedy, and Ford in tragedy; and Mr. Weber might as well talk of a rivalry between Congreve and Southern. To make assurance double sure, Mr. Gilchrist transcribes a mock-dedication

by this same Shirley to this same Prynne, of the comedy of the 'Bird-in a Cage,' which was published in the same year with the above verses. This is the main strength of Mr. Weber's argument; and thus is it overthrown: the weak points meet with equal destruction. Into them we shall forbear to enter, and trust that we shall in future hear less of Ben Jonson's enmity, and more of his genius.

Mr. Gilchrist's pamphlet opens with a history of the revival of old plays, which would make an excellent introduction to a review of Mr. Weber's book, but the pamphlet is not to be looked upon as a critique at large of Weber's Ford; it is pretty plain, however, that Mr. Gilchrist agrees with us, as to the editor's unfitness for his office; the pamphlet contains many such side hits as the following:

'The haste, or pupillage in literary history, that could overlook the three dramas [by Ford] which I have mentioned, and mistake George Donne for Doctor John Donne the poet, may readily be supposed capable of any inadvertence.' P. 43.

ART. IV.—*Ovid's Metamorphoses, translated by Thomas Orger, with the original Latin Text.* London, 1811, printed for the Author. 8vo. pp. 50. No. the 1st.

SINCE the translation of the *Metamorphoses*, edited a century ago by Sir Samuel Garth, to which he, and many of the great poets of the day contributed, no successful attempt has been made to open the beauties of Ovid to the English reader. Garth's translation has never taken so conspicuous a station in the library, as the names of his coadjutors would seem to authorize: the reasons of this seem to be, as well the unequal merit of the different portions, as the circumstance, that these contributory works have never met with an equal share of public attention, as the labours of a single individual. A translation indeed of all the books of the *Metamorphoses* in blank verse, by a Mr. Howard, appeared in 1807, but although the title-page of that work is gorgeously set forth with the doves of Venus, the torch and bow of Cupid, the lyre of Ovid, bound together by wreaths of roses, the knowledge of its existence is, and will probably continue to be confined to a very few. Mr. Orger comes before us in a very unassuming garb, that of a thin

pamphlet, the first of fifteen numbers, in which he proposes to complete his work; this circumstance however will not prevent us from bestowing on him that attention which he deserves.

Ovid, says Mr. O. is of all Roman writers, the poet of antithesis, Mr. O. might have added, he is above all, the poet of imagination and fancy. Though inferior to Virgil in dignity as well of style, as subject to Horace in pleasantry and in grandeur, to his brother elegiac writers in conciseness of expression, and frequently in simplicity; his inventive faculties have no equal among the Roman poets, we may almost say among the poets of antiquity. As a poetical orator, his Ajax and Ulysses surpass any thing in Lucan, whose fame rests almost exclusively on his declamatory powers in verse. In the philosophy of nature a beam of light seems to have shot athwart the sight of Ovid, which had passed unobserved by his contemporaries; his poetry is frequently philosophical without assuming the air of the didactic. This criticism, the opening of the *Metamorphoses*, the most splendid commencement of any poetical work in the Latin language, most amply justifies. On the other peculiar beauties and defects of this author, we would willingly pause a little in this place, had we space to wander in; as our limits warn us that we have not, we return to the translator, who in this first specimen of his labours, enters the lists against Dryden, the translator of the first book in Garth's collection.

Mr. Orger is less appropriate in his expression than his predecessor, when he writes,

‘ While thus I trace the long laborious maze
From elder chaos down to *modern days*.’

In Ovid, ‘ *mea tempora*.’ Dryden more clearly and correctly,

‘ And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc’d from nature’s birth to *Cæsar’s times*.’

We select the following noble passage on the dissolution of chaos, as a fair field of comparison between the two translators; we prefer Mr. Orger’s.

‘ Ere earth and ocean started into birth,
Or heaven o’ercanopied the sea and earth,
A sable curtain darken’d nature’s frame,
A shapeless mass, and chaos was its name,

A sordid heap discordant to the sight,
 Of future elements yet hid in night,
 No orient sun-beam usher'd in the morn,
 No circling moon renew'd her blunted horn,
 Earth had not yet by heaven's paternal care
 Upheld her balanc'd form in ambient air,
 Nor buoyant ocean stretch'd on every side
 From shore to distant shore his billowy tide.
 Earth, water, air, maintain'd a mingled reign
 'Twas baseless earth, unnavigable main,
 And darken'd ether, each forsook its form
 To combat in one desolating storm.'—*Orger.*

' Before the seas and this terrestrial ball
 And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
 One was the face of nature, if a face,
 Rather a rude and undigested mass,
 A lifeless lump unfashion'd and unfram'd,
 Of jarring seeds, and justly chaos named.
 No sun was lighted up the world to view,
 No moon did yet her blunted horns renew,
 Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
 Nor pois'd did on her own foundations lie,
 Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown,
 But earth, and air, and water were in one.
 Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
 And water's dark abyss unnavigable,
 No certain form on any was imprest,
 All were confused, and each disturb'd the rest.'

Dryden.

The readers of verse in the present day are far more fastidious with respect to the rhymes than they were when Dryden wrote, and in consequence the modern versifiers are more correct in that particular. The words 'face' and 'mass' in Dryden's version of the above passage, would be objected to, had they come from a cotemporary writer; the rhyme of 'unnavigable' with 'unstable' could never, we conceive, have been judged harmonious. The negligence of the poets of Queen Anne's reign in these points has not escaped the notice of Mr. Orger; he has been careful accordingly; we have discovered at most two instances where his ear has misled him; as in the rhymes 'flies' with 'vice,' and 'beneath' with 'Breath.' In the following lines Mr. O. is closer to his original and more concise; Dryden translates with spirit, though somewhat diffusely.

' High over these thin ether held its sway,
Purg'd from the grosser particles of clay.'—Orger.

' High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd,
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.'

Dryden:

Neither of the translators have near attained the dignity of Ovid in the creation of man. There is a pause after the words 'natus homo est' in the Latin, which Dryden has not attempted to imitate. Mr. Orger has made the attempt, not altogether badly; but the fact is, the different nature of Roman and English verse almost precludes the possibility of success in such an imitation.

In the lines on the silver age, Mr. O. has, we conceive, mistaken the meaning of Ovid, nor do we know of any critic who favours his interpretation of the passage in question. Dryden has adopted the sense in which we always understood it, and the only one, we believe, which attention to the text can justify.

' Tum primum siccis aër fervoribus ustus
Canduit, et ventis glacies astricta pependit,
Tum primum subiere domos, domus antra fuerunt
Et densi frutices, et vinctæ cortice virgæ.'

Met. lib: 1. v. 120.

' Then first the air was parch'd with sultry beams,
And icy fetters bound the stagnant streams,
No more the tangled bow, the arching cave,
To weary mortals a fit refuge gave;
To brave the summer heat, the winter storm
Fix'd mansions rear'd their well compacted form.'

Orger.

Whereas Ovid evidently describes these caves, &c. as the habitations, which mankind were *now* obliged to seek, having *previously* had no occasion for any retreat whatever, and as to the fix'd mansions we hear nothing about them in the original. The word 'fuerunt' misled the translator. We hope he may have an opportunity of remedying this inadvertency, and at the same time of inserting a translation of the words 'nec scelerata tamen,' as applied to the third or brazen age, words which are wholly omitted, but which are very important to mark out the discriminations between these ages as existing in the creative mind of the poet.

Ovid has overlaid his account of the deluge with description, and descended into minute particulars infinitely too much. This may be regretted, but cannot be avoided by the translator; the present version is spirited and faithful, and only becomes puerile when the original is so likewise. There is one instance where Mr. O. has copied Dryden in a fault; that author introduces a miserable play upon words,

'One climbs a cliff, one in a boat is borne,
And *ploughs* above, where late *he sow'd* his corn.'

Dryden.

Not only is the pun very bad, but to plough is a very forced synonyme for to sow, without any additional circumstance to justify the metaphorical use of the word. Mr. O. does not sink so low as his predecessor, but imitates him, when he writes,

'One grasps the pliant oar
And *ploughs* the wave, where late *he plough'd* the shore.'

Ovid simply says,

'Et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper ararat.'—Lib. 1. v. 294.

Our limits forbid us to pursue a comparison farther. As a whole, we think this version of the first book superior to Dryden's, which bears about it many marks of haste and negligence. Both translators are diffuse, and increase the number of the lines by nearly one third; a greater compression is perhaps difficult, but certainly desirable. Auguring therefore from this specimen, we have every reason to promise ourselves a version of the *Metamorphoses* generally superior to that published by Garth; for had Mr. O. only equalled Dryden, and preserved an even tenor throughout the whole work, his translation would have excelled that of his predecessors as a whole, as much as a few of those predecessors excel their own coadjutors in different portions. As it is, there are some passages, where Dryden soars above him; these are however rare and detached; in fidelity Mr. O. equals Dryden; in smoothness of verse, and exactness of rhyme, much excels him. We shall defer noticing the other numbers of this work, as they appear, until the whole is completed; in the mean time Mr. O. is preparing to break a lance with Addison.

ART. V.—*An Account of Tunis; of its Government, Manners, Customs, and Antiquities; especially of its Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce.* By Thomas Macgill. London, Longman, 1811.

WE pass over the first chapter, which contains a brief notice of the revolutions in Tunis, since the government was usurped by the Beys. We have next some account of Hamooda Pasha, the present Bey. After some qualified praise of his character, Mr. Macgill says of him, that

‘he must be considered as a *barbaresque* prince, who governs a state without any knowledge of that policy, which *directs enlightened nations*. Considering him in this *light*, we must give him the praise of ability; for he certainly *holds a tight rein of government*,’ &c. &c.

Without repeating any more of Mr. Macgill’s observations on the court and government of Tunis, we shall proceed to some subjects, with which he is likely to be better acquainted, or of which, at least, he possessed better opportunities of acquiring information.

The Bey is said to be erecting a palace ‘in a dirty narrow street,’ and the ground-floor of this prince’s residence is ‘intended for shops.’ The streets of this capital are represented as ‘narrow, dirty, and unpaved,’ and the wretchedness of the inhabitants shows the oppression of the government. Mr. Macgill supposes the population not to exceed one hundred thousand. The city of Tunis is badly supplied with fresh water. The inhabitants collect in cisterns the rain which falls during the winter; but this luxury cannot be universally enjoyed. Most of the springs in the country are said to be either salt or hot; but Mr. Macgill informs us that, in many places, the inhabitants prefer the water of their salt-springs, ‘to that which is fresh, and experience from it no inconvenience.’

‘The black cattle about Tunis are very small. They resemble the small cows which are driven from Scotland to England; and in the flavour of their flesh, they are also very like them. The mutton of Tunis is not esteemed; the sheep are all of the broad-tailed breed; and their flesh tastes strongly of wool. The flesh of the lambs, however, is very good. Goats are also eaten by the people of the country, who are not much accustomed to make distinctions in the quality of their food.

‘The whole of the regency abounds with game; the red-

legged partridges in particular are abundant, but they have little flavour. Indeed, neither their game nor their fish are of a superior quality.

'The Barbary courser seems to have changed his place of residence: It is very rare to see at Tunis, a horse of even ordinary figure. The mares are in general well made, and appear of almost a different breed; but even they are much inferior to those of Europe, and particularly to those of England.

'The mules are good, and are trained to a particular amble, by putting lead on their hind-feet at the fetlock joint. This forces them to move the fore and hind leg on the same side at the same time, and produces a very easy and quick pace in those which are properly trained.

'The asses of Tunis are also good, and much used.

'The prices of all these animals are very high. A good horse will cost from seven hundred to a thousand piasters; a fine mule not less, and often more; and an ass, very frequently from four hundred to fifty piasters.

'Camels are generally used throughout the whole regency. They are certainly better adapted to the climate than any other animal; and both carry a greater load, and are more easily maintained.

'Dromedaries are now very rarely to be seen. The Bey used them formerly to carry his dispatches; but it would appear that the breed is now lost in this country. The pace taught the mules, is the natural pace of the camel and dromedary, in which the latter travels with an astonishing velocity.'

The European slaves, at present, at Tunis, are subjects either of the king of Sardinia, or of the king of Sicily. The king of Sardinia is said to have omitted no endeavours to ransom those unfortunate persons who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the '*barbaresque*' Bey of Tunis. When Mr. Macgill wrote, the number of Sardinian subjects in bondage was not more than twenty-five. But the conduct of the king of Sicily has been far less humane in this instance than that of his Sardinian majesty. The number of subjects of his Sicilian majesty at present in slavery at Tunis,

'amounts to nearly two thousand; and let it be confessed with shame and sorrow, that upwards of one hundred, of them have been taken, navigating under the protection of British passports. In vain has the consul of his Britannic majesty used his efforts for their relief. While his endeavours are frustrated by others in power in the Mediterranean, who, from some strange policy, are afraid of offending the powers of Barbary, though they would not, but through fear, give a single bullock to save the British navy from starving, they must remain in

slavery, and carry disgraceful ideas of the British nation into the minds of every one who hears of their situation.

'Among the number of those who suffer from this torpor of feeling, are several unfortunate females of respectability, particularly a Sicilian lady with five daughters, who are at present in the hands of the Kaiya of Porto Farina, or first minister of the Bey's marine. As they have come to age, the unhappy mother has had the affliction to behold her daughters sacrificed to the barbarian.'

The King of Sicily is said to turn a deaf ear to the anxious importunities of his subjects to assist them in rescuing their friends and relatives from the most calamitous situation, in which a human being can be placed. But this is the man, to preserve whose power and dominions the blood and treasure of Britain have so long been so inconsiderately lavished!

The *evil eye* is said to be a prevalent superstition in this as in other Mahometan countries.

'If the horse, mule, or other animal belonging to one person, be praised by another, it is immediately set down as lost, and a child that is admired, is expected with certainty to meet some misfortune.'

The Tunisians, if we may believe Mr. Macgill, are prepared for marriage in the same manner as our Darning fowls are said to be qualified for the table.

A girl after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room. Shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ankles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs; and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter; particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of a slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*; which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed and their national dish "*cuscusu*," the bride is *literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.*

Great Britain and France are the two foreign nations which possess most influence at the court of Tunis; but that of France has been declining since the revolution, and the intrigues of the French are not likely to be very efficacious whilst the English preserve their present maritime ascendancy in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Macgill thinks, that we ought to give more respect-

ability to our consuls at the Barbary courts; and that they should not be permitted to engage in mercantile concerns, that there may not be an opposition between the interests of the individual as a trader and a diplomatic agent. 'In Tunis, most of the consuls are permitted to trade except the French.' Mr. Macgill adds, that few of our consuls are adapted to the places which they hold, and owe their appointment more to political influence than to appropriate ability for the situation.

The trade of Tunis has declined greatly of late years.

'It was not uncommon, to see hundreds of ships lying in the roads of Tunis, and at the Goletta; also great numbers at all her out-ports, loading the rich productions of her soil; to satisfy the wants of Spain, Italy, and France.

'Spain in particular, drew from the states of Barbary a great portion of the grain which she used. Italy and France, drew from them oil, hides, and wool, both for the consumption of the inhabitants, and the supply of their manufactures; but particularly from Tunis, where these articles are better and more abundant than in any of the other states. This traffic has for some years entirely ceased. It is rare to see now more than half a dozen vessels at Tunis, and more than one at a time at any of the out-ports; and these are of a very small burthen.'

'The famine which did so much mischief in the regency of Tunis, (1805), induced the Bey to prohibit the exportation of grain from his state; and as plenty was not for some seasons restored, he has not as yet deemed it prudent to remove his prohibition. Grain being the chief article which drew ships to his ports, that branch of traffic has been entirely destroyed. Now that the crops are abundant, were he again to permit exportation, it is much to be doubted whether, under the present circumstances, it would resume its former activity. Even Malta will be more easily and more naturally supplied from Sicily, as long as the British government find it necessary to keep possession of that luxuriant island.'

The principal articles of export from Tunis, are grain, wool, hides, wax, and soap. The wheat of Tunis is of excellent quality. The wool is of various kinds.

'It is of more or less value, according to the part of the country from which it comes; on account of the quantity of dust and sand which are mixed with it, to increase its weight, and which each district has its different manner of mixing. In one part, the shepherds have a very curious method of making the wool imbibe the sand. In dry weather, before sheep-shearing, they hunt their flocks upon the sand, until they are in a high state of perspiration; the sand flying in clouds, mixes with the wool, and adheres to it in consequence of the perspiration.

'This they repeat for several days, and sometimes a greater weight of sand is dried into the fleece, than the real weight of clean wool. The particles too, are so fine, that they penetrate into the pores of the wool, and cannot without the greatest difficulty, be separated from it. From this practice, the loss on washing is extremely great. It is said, that the wool of the environs of the city of Tunis, loses on washing about forty per cent.; that of Susa, from forty-five to fifty; and that of Sfax, from fifty to fifty-five per cent.'

The trade in hides has been much injured by the war with Algiers, as the greater portion of those articles which are exported, is brought from the country contiguous to the frontiers of both states.

Three caravans arrive at Tunis in the course of the year from the interior of Africa. The products consist of 'gold dust, senna, ostrich feathers, and black slaves.' These caravans carry in return 'cloth, muslin, linen, silk, and cochineal.' But the caravans from Constantine, which are stopped by the Algerine war, were of greater value and importance, and excited much more industry and speculation.

The manufacture of Tunis, by which most labour and capital are kept in motion, is that of 'scull-caps.' These caps are made of Spanish wool, of which they are said to have consumed three thousand bales. This manufacture is, however, reduced to one-third of its former extent. 'At a moderate calculation, it employed formerly upwards of fifty thousand persons.' Great pains appear to be taken in the fabric of these caps, and nothing omitted necessary to maintain the superiority of the manufacture. The author makes some useful observations on the imports of Tunis, and on the kinds, qualities, and quantities of goods suited to that market. Here Mr. Macgill, who appears to be a commercial agent for some house in Scotland, is quite at home, and writes on a subject which he seems thoroughly to understand.

Though the Tunisians are followers of the prophet, who prohibited the fermented juice of the grape, they are, nevertheless, said to consume annually no less than one thousand pipes of wine. The conscience of the Bey, like the conscience of his fellow sovereigns, rendered very ductile by his interest, is brought to permit the importation of this forbidden fluid under the sinless denomination of vinegar. The sect of the *Nominalists* seems greatly to out-number that of the *Realists* amongst all conditions of men, and under all forms of civil and ecclesiastical polity.

ART. VI.—*Sermons preached on Public Occasions, with Notes and an Appendix, on various important Subjects. By R. Valpy, D. D. F. A. S. London, Longman, 1811, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.*

THE first sermon in these volumes was preached 'for the charity schools at Bury, in Suffolk,' in the year 1779; 'and afterwards for similar institutions in other places.' This discourse is pleasing and animated. The virtue is well explained and the arguments for the practice feelingly and forcibly urged. The following remarks are, for the most part, just and well expressed.

'This sentiment, in common with every original feeling of human nature, does not exclusively inhabit the breast of the virtuous. The man inured to the blackest deeds, the most inhuman tyrant, cannot always exclude every feeling of pity from his heart. Even he, who beholds with savage indifference the slaughter of thousands, which his ambition has caused, or his cruelty has dealt, will, in the contracted scenes of private misery, shed a sympathetic tear; and the current of humanity, which was diverted by the blast of war, will resume its original direction to benevolence.

'The deviations from this principle arise from the depravity of the heart of man, of which they are a melancholy proof. Small, indeed, at first, and scarcely perceptible is this defection; but if its progress is not timely checked, it baffles all restraint. If once the mind has lost its original feelings for the distresses of others, vain are all endeavours to recover them. Many other virtues may be acquired by reason and reflection; but when once the heart is inaccessible to pity, misfortune pleads in vain, the tear of anguish falls unnoticed, and the cries of distress fail to obtain the necessary relief.

'A disposition like this is its own punishment. He, who negligently or deliberately frustrates the wise intention of Nature, by which we mean in Christian language, the God of Nature, is for ever forbidden to feel those pleasing emotions, which are the certain marks of approving conscience, and the sweetest foretaste of the rewards of virtue.

'Charity possesses a natural beauty, which, independent of instructions and maxims, is the object of universal affection. In every circumstance it is productive of security. Benevolence alone can enable a man to enjoy the sweets of life. That alone can give a charm to power and greatness. Pre-eminence will only serve to expose its possessor to the injuries of an envious world. His advantage consists in the power of being a refuge to the miserable, a relief to the necessitous, and a father to the orphan. Excellence in public virtues excites the arts of malice

and detraction; but when to those great qualities charity is added, envy herself is dumb, or forced to join the universal applause. It exalts the merit of other virtues, and almost completes a character, even when some of these are imperfectly possessed.'

In a passage of the above extract, we suggest to the better judgment of Dr. Valpy, whether it be strictly philosophical to talk of 'negligently or deliberately frustrating the wise intention of Nature,' or 'the God of Nature?' An intention in the mind of man, is an *act designed*, which may indeed be negligently or deliberately frustrated in the execution. But an act designed in the mind of God, must be the same as an act performed. For God never designs to perform what he does not actually perform. He never really intends what he does not sooner or later accomplish. To suppose the contrary, would be to question either his wisdom or his power. It would be to contradict the most enlarged notion of his attributes. For how can 'a wise intention' of the Deity be frustrated by the foolish temerity of man? It cannot be. It is impossible. Dr. V. has, however, in this place expressed himself in the common language of divines, though he has not expressed himself with so much accuracy as might have been desired.

Dr. Valpy truly remarks, that 'the man whose soul is steeled against the impressions of benevolence, would not be convinced by all the force of reason;' and that all endeavours would be ineffectual 'to rouse him from insensibility by the force of diction.' He who does not feel benevolence to be a virtue, cannot be argued into the feeling. His sympathies are like an instrument out of tune. His moral constitution is disordered. He has only the exterior of humanity.

Dr. V. talks of clarity being influenced by 'a momentary glow of ostentation.' We may say a momentary glow of friendship, of affection, or of love. But it is not so proper to talk of the 'glow of ostentation.' For ostentation, which is always more or less imbued with selfishness, is a quality of a cold kind. The epithet 'glowing' does not accord with its operations on the nerves. Dr. Valpy should have written 'a momentary impulse of ostentation.'

Dr. Valpy says truly, that 'the natural wants which poverty leaves unsupplied, are not the greatest of its miseries.' The state of the children of the poor without moral or intellectual culture, is feelingly noticed. P. 11, the author informs us, that 'the appearance of the deepest

wretchedness is so easily assumed, and so various are the *acts* of moving the pity of the liberal.' * * * * The word '*acts* of moving,' in the above is, we suppose, printed by mistake for '*arts* of moving,' though we do not see it marked in the errata.

Sermon II. preached at the assizes, at Reading, 1792, ably combats the opinion, that the world is in a state of deterioration. The author exhibits the evidence and proves the usefulness of the contrary opinion. Were the common notion of the progressive degeneracy of the human race true, the Christian doctrine, which was designed to improve mankind in virtue and in happiness, would have been promulgated in vain. But the world, like an individual profiting by experience, is, we believe, becoming wiser as it grows older, and progressive at once in intellectual and in moral excellence. What we call the antiquity, is, as Bacon has remarked, rather the youth or infancy of the world. To this sermon, and to the others in this publication, are subjoined many instructive and interesting notes.

Sermon III. was preached at the assizes, at Reading, in 1793. This was a period when the savage cry of Jacobin was begun to be raised against every man who presumed to think for himself, or who did not join in applauding the war. The text (1. Pet. II. 13, 14,) is one which was often in the mouths of the preachers of that period; and was frequently perverted to inculcate, not rational loyalty, but unresisting servitude. Dr. Valpy, however, employed it for a better purpose. He panegyrises the British constitution, and he inculcates submission; but he calls government '*a delegated power.*' It is, according to the late patriotic confession of the Prince of Wales, not a fee-simple for the sole pleasure or emolument of the possessor, but '*A TRUST*,' for the benefit of the community.

It is always an unfortunate thing in any popular discourse when the exordium is dry and abstract, and obscurely expressed. For by this means, the hold on the attention is relaxed at first setting off, and a state of sensation is produced not favourable to the subsequent impression intended to be made. This is, in some measure, the case with the commencement of the present discourse. What the author says on the origin of government, is not definitely nor perspicuously explained. Dr. Valpy appears sometimes to confound the terms *Society* and *Government*, as if they meant the same thing, and both rested on the basis of law. But society is anterior to the origin of laws, and may subsist without government, though go-

vernment cannot subsist without society. Society denotes a communion of sentiments and a participation of enjoyments between relations, friends, and acquaintance, which may be practised where political institutions are unknown, but cannot be protected without political institutions. Society is the comfort of the good, and government is the terror of the bad. Society is founded on liberty, but government always implies restraint. Society has its basis in the principle of benevolence, but government in that of fear. Society exercises the kind affections, government controuls the bad passions of man. Society strews the rose and the myrtle in the path of life, government brandishes the sword, and plants the gibbet on the side of the highway.

Dr. Valpy accounts for the origin of government in this way.

‘In the first ages of the world, a great diversity of dispositions and qualities was necessarily productive of great moral distinctions. The materials of discord increased with the dissimilitude: and, however this variety might be calculated by the wise decrees of providence to promote the general good, a superintending power became necessary to direct these discordant principles to the public welfare, and to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices, which render man valuable to man, and form the first links in the chain of society. The frugal, the prudent, and the industrious saw their exertions crowned with prosperity, wealth, and influence; and were placed in a state of envied superiority above men of a contrary disposition. The latter, strangers to the habits of industry and honest application, in proportion to the imperfect, or corrupted state of their intellects, and desirous of retaining an equality, which seems to defeat the purposes of nature, adopted the unjust methods of acquiring property, from the insidious meanness of a theft to the daring crime of assassination. Whatever authority the laws of nature might claim in the reason of any individual to restrain him from acts of injustice; yet, without a stronger support, they could afford him but little protection from the machinations of others. Recourse must be had to a bulwark of superior strength for the general security of life and property. This bulwark is never obtained, until the discordant interests of men are united by one common bond of society, and cemented by a general law, destined to protect the rights and liberties of individuals, and to punish the commission of injuries.’

The first part of the above extract is certainly rather vague and confused. Dr. Valpy commences with saying, that ‘in the first ages of the world a great diversity of dis-

positions and qualities was necessarily productive of great moral distinctions.' It is not very clear what is the specific meaning in this place of 'great moral distinctions;' but allowing that to pass, we ask why is the remark appropriated more to the first, than to any succeeding ages of the world? We should suppose, that the diversities of character are much greater in later times, because there is a greater diversity of pursuits. Where men are all hunters, or shepherds or tillers of the earth, there must be a great monotony of character, or, perhaps, as Dr. Valpy would express it, a paucity of '*moral distinctions.*' Arts and sciences, the sub-division of labour and all the busy varieties of commercial and manufacturing industry multiply the occupations of man, and produce proportionate varieties of character.

Dr. Valpy having asserted, that 'in the first ages of the world, a great diversity of dispositions and qualities was productive of great moral distinctions,' proceeds to inform us, that 'this variety, however calculated by the wise decrees of Providence, 'to promote the general good,' continuing to furnish

'materials of discord,' 'a superintending power became necessary to direct those discordant principles to the public welfare, and to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices which render man valuable to man, and form the first links in the chain of society.'

Now if the variety of '*moral distinctions,*' mentioned above, was, 'by the wise decrees of Providence, calculated to promote the general good,' why should 'a superintending power,' (by which, we suppose, is meant 'a superintending power' of human government), be necessary to direct them 'to the public welfare?' For, according to our author, 'the general good' and 'the public welfare,' are only different names for the same thing. But, if the public welfare is already promoted by the wise decrees of Providence, how can the end be better secured by any human contrivance? The truth is, that when the author wrote the passage on which we have commented, his ideas were more perplexed than they usually are at other times. This is proved by what follows, for Dr. Valpy makes this 'superintending power' necessary 'to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices which form the first links in the chain of society.' Now, according to our notions, the first links in the chain of society, are the relations of husband and wife, father and child, with the diver-

sified connections of kindred and friendship, and all the spreading and intertwining charities of social life. But all these, though they constitute the happy ramifications of society, are independent of government, and perform their several functions without its aid. A man loves his wife, his child, his friend, and does them all the kind offices in his power, not because he is directed to do it by any political institutions, but because it is the impulse of his social nature, or, in other words, it is the agency of the benevolent principle which the Deity planted in his breast. But Dr. Valpy has, as we said before, confounded the ideas of society and government. The principles of society are fixed and immutable, but government is a fluctuating thing. That is the best government whose forms and institutions are so framed as to act in unison with the principles of society, and consequently to favour the production of the greatest sum of social bliss.

We were pleased with the following. The sentiments appear to come from the heart, and are honourable to the writer.

‘Justice is, after all, but the instrument of mercy;—of mercy, in her sublimest attitude, when she dispenses the blessings of security to mankind, and guards the general welfare at the expence of the pangs, that she feels for the miseries, which offenders incur by their crimes. Man must sympathize with man in his distress; and what form of distress can excite more horror than that of the poor supplicating wretch, who stands with trembling heart to hear the sentence, which dooms him to an exemplary death? His fault is for a moment forgotten; we consider him only in his relation of humanity, a miserable prey to the same temptations, from which the grace of God has yet preserved us: cold therefore and insensible would be our hearts if they did not feel for him in the hour of calamity. Freed from the restraints, which opinions and principles lay upon our sensibility, we disregard social distinctions, in the warmth of our benevolence, and listen only to the voice of nature. As a spirit of revenge has no place in a court of judicature, the passion of pity may be allowed to take her course respecting the man, if it interfere not with the judgment against the criminal. But when mercy considers him as a public offender, she forgets the individual: she takes a wider range of consideration; she looks to the miseries of lawless states, and demands protection in the name of society. With *truth* for her attendant, according to the beautiful imagery of the Psalmist, she solicits the aid of *justice* for the maintenance of *peace*.’

Sermon IV. was ‘preached at St. Lawrence’s, Reading, on the Fast Day, March 7, 1797.’

Dr. Valpy traces the fall of nations beyond the operation of secondary causes to the providential administrator of the world. The doctor says :

‘The effects of omnipotence are peculiarly displayed in the fall of nations. The causes of their decline are wisely rendered so manifest by the great disposer of events, that the meanest comprehension will not be at a loss to pronounce impiety and wickedness as the sole objects of almighty vengeance. In every age of the world, we find that the sins of men have uniformly prepared the way to these calamitous revolutions. Different states have arisen; they have figured on the theatre of the world; sin has obscured their glories; *the wages of sin is death*; they have disappeared.’

If this be the case, will it not be difficult to assign a reason why we should, for the space of twenty years, have been expending our blood and treasure in a vain attempt to resist the arm of omnipotence? If ‘the fall of nations,’ be only the necessary punishment of wickedness, the just retribution of crimes, to what purpose are we striving to prevent the Almighty from putting an end to ‘immorality, dissipation, and profligacy?’ It gave us great pleasure to find the author representing this country as peculiarly favoured by providence, and consequently, we hope, secure from the ‘calamitous revolutions’ which have visited the continent.

‘We are enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness*. Our religion is the Gospel of Christ, pure and uncorrupted. Our civil constitution is the best calculated for the regulation of the country. The mildness of our climate, our insular situation, that commands the productions of the land and seas, the fertility of our fields and the industry of our towns, point out this country as the happiest object of the bounty of *the giver of every good gift*.’

But after all this cheering picture, Dr. V. thinks us no better than our neighbours. He asks, p. 117, ‘what religious improvements we have made?’ If the doctor ask this question, we must put another, and say, if we have made no religious improvements, how can we be ‘enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness*?’ For what can the being ‘enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness*’ mean but the having our minds possessed of that unclouded light of Divine Truth which generates righteousness? Can we be ‘enlightened by the sun of righteousness,’ while we are merged in those depths of vice where the day-spring is obscured and no light

is seen? But the author proceeds: 'Are we not characterized by a want of religious principle and of fervor in the service of God?' How then, we ask again, can we be 'enlightened?' &c. &c.

'Do not,' exclaims the author, 'sensuality and dissipation constitute the most striking features in the portrait of this country? In some periods the stream of wickedness hides its head, runs under the ground, and pursues a calm and secret course; but now it breaks forth like a torrent, that tears down all before it: as if the foundations of the great abyss were broken, and its prisoners had shaken off their chains, and roamed at large in the world.'

This is a frightful picture, and if it were true, would make us, instead of children of light, to be devils in iniquity. If we were so bad as the doctor depicts us, we must, according to his reasoning in a foregoing part of this sermon, be ripe for the just judgment of God, and for that 'death which is the wages of sin.' Dr. Valpy, like many others, represents the war as a 'divine scourge,' but if it be a divine scourge, why should we impute it either to Mr. Pitt on one side, or to the Jacobins on the other? The author says, 'it is the sword of Divine Vengeance, armed with tenfold fury.' Does this mean, that Divine Vengeance has armed our enemy with an irresistible sword? Before theologians talk thus, we wish that they would well consider the conclusions which legitimately follow from their reasoning. Let us not relax the sinews of fortitude or of patriotism.

The fifth sermon was preached August 13, 1798, at the consecration of the colours of the Reading Association. In this sermon, the preacher excites his auditors to '*hope that the Lord hath chosen ENGLAND for himself, and the British Isles for his own possession.*' How would our mercantile men relish this information? The VIth sermon was preached in 1802, at the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, &c. The VIIth sermon was intended to promote the interests of the Reading Dispensary. Dr. Valpy never appears to more advantage as a preacher, than when he is pleading for the distressed, and showing the strict union between the genuine religion of Christ and the interests of humanity. In the VIIIth and last sermon, Dr. Valpy defends the 'British and Foreign Bible Society,' with an earnestness which reflects honour on his religious temperament. The second volume of this work forms an appendix to the first. The following is a list of the contents.

'On the law of the twelve tables respecting debtors.' 'On the causes which must prevent the establishment of a republic in France.' 'On the Catholic Question.' 'The practice of liberal piety vindicated.' 'Rivalry of France.' 'On the prophecies relating to the fall of Rome.' 'On the disposition of the French government to peace.' 'Deeds without a name.' 'Defence of the Country.' 'On a state of insensibility in suspended animation.' 'On the interests of the church of England.'

Of these, the piece on the Catholic Question, which is made up of a speech in the Town Hall, Reading, in 1803, with notes on the same, occupies nearly one half of the volume, and contains many remarks worthy of serious attention.

These volumes furnish ample proof, that Dr. Valpy is a liberal politician, a fervent religionist, and a benevolent man.

ART. VII.—*The Remains of Joseph Blackett, consisting of Poems, Dramatic Sketches, The Times, an Ode, and a Memoir of his Life. By Mr. Pratt, 2 vols. small 8vo. pp. 600, 2 plates. London, Sherwood and Co. 1811.*

THE readers of poetry in Great Britain are divided into two parties, and express very opposite sentiments, when the works of self-taught geniuses, such as Dermody or Chatterton, Bloomfield or Blackett, become the objects of discussion. The one party extol every thing, and although they affect to praise with a reference to the difficulties and various other circumstances, under which these children of nature have come forward, their panegyrics are so warm, and their commendations so indiscriminate, that they seem to raise their protégés even above the level of those cotemporaries, who, with a superiority, or, at least, equality of inspiration, have had the additional advantages of systematic education and chastised taste. The other party will hear of nothing which is remarkable 'considering all things.' Why, they say, should we waste our time on what is comparatively bad, when we have that within our reach which is positively good? But the sentiments of neither of these two parties, as thus delivered, are founded either in justice or with an eye to fair criticism. Mr. Pratt, one of the 'Dii minorum gentium' in poetry, the editor of the present work, has a strong inclination to-

wards the first class of the two above mentioned, a class whose pretensions to taste must be wholly set aside, if they really admire as finished poetry what they ought only to admire as marvellous and promising better things. The injustice of the second order is more flagrant; and were their opinions to become more prevalent than they are, a want of encouragement to the expansion of natural talent under discouraging circumstances, must be the inevitable and constant result. If we were to recommend a line of conduct in a matter which depends nearly as much upon the feelings of the heart as upon the judgment of the mind, and in which the former are perpetually influencing the latter, we should wish all possible encouragement to be given to the disclosure of talent in private, whether by praise, by giving or procuring pecuniary assistance, but never would recommend to force into publicity prematurely those attempts which ought more correctly to be considered as the exercises of education than the ripened fruits of it. Of these children of nature now living, one only has risen to great literary eminence in society, we mean the editor of Massinger, and, as far as we recollect, the manly, and at the same time, affecting avowal of his discouragements in early life prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, the talents of this gentleman, though known and encouraged by the circle who interested themselves in their expansion, were not injured by premature publicity, but first strengthened and directed by education.

Blackett has quitted this world, to him a world of bodily suffering. His mental anxieties were much alleviated by the benevolent exertions of his editor and other friends: his story, known already to many, but not to all, is, in few words, this. He was born in 1786, at the village of Tunstall, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, the tenth of twelve children of a day-labourer in the service of Sir Thomas Lawson. He was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the parish school, and at the age of eleven bound apprentice to his brother, a ladies' shoe-maker in London. His passion for reading soon began to develop itself, and he was early master of the contents of his brother's library, consisting of Josephus, Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, Fox's Martyrs, and some religious books, but having been persuaded to accompany a friend to see Kemble in Richard the Third, at Drury-Lane, his mind had such an effect produced upon it by the author as well as the actor, that his studies, inclinations, and pursuits were decided by that accidental circumstance. Every minute which could be

spared from manual labour, was devoted to the perusal of Shakspeare, Otway, Milton, Pope, Young, Beattie, Thompson, Rowe, &c. and many hours defrauded of rest for the same purpose, to the no small injury of a weak and sickly constitution. He continued in his trade to the year 1807, when a pressure of domestic calamity was the means of introducing him, through a Mr. Marchant, to his future Mæcenas, Mr. Pratt, to whom some of Blackett's attempts at dramatic composition were at the same time submitted. From this time until his death, in August, 1810, his studies were guided by the present editor of his works, with whom he lived considerable portions of his time, and was in the habits of perpetual correspondence with his 'Mentor,' as this 'Telemachus' terms Mr. Pratt. In 1809, some specimens of Blackett's genius were circulated, and the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbanke, Mr. Wrangham, and the editor interested themselves in promoting subscriptions, the objects of which were the removal of the author's pecuniary distresses, the support of his mother and daughter, and encouragement in the prosecution of his studies. The benefit resulting from the present publication, is to be applied to the former purposes. Mr. Blackett sunk a victim to a decline at Seaham, in Sunderland, whither he had gone by sea, in the hope of receiving benefit by the voyage.

We shall first offer some remarks on the present publication, as edited and methodised by Mr. Pratt, and conclude the article with observations on the poetry of the author.

In limine, we are presented with an essay from the hand of the editor on the points of similitude existing between Joseph Blackett on the one side, and Bloomfield, and Townsend, the prospective author of 'Armageddon,' on the other. Did not the editor wish to imply another parallel of characters between Mr. Capel Lofft, Mr. Cumberland, and Mr. Pratt?

It is not to be wondered at, that a work, edited certainly from benevolent motives, but with the additional spring of personal eclat, should contain infinitely too much about the editor himself, and this is most peculiarly the case with the work entitled 'The Remains of Joseph Blackett.'

In the very arrangement of the list of subscribers this vanity bursts upon the readers. By a novel method of classification, they are placed in separate lists 'marked out as 'procured by the Duchess of Leeds,' 'procured by Mr. Pratt,' &c. for had not this singular method of arrange-

ment been resorted to, the public would have remained ignorant, that Mr. Pratt's list is not only infinitely the longest, but is graced with royal and noble names in a proportion very far exceeding the lists of his coadjutors.

These volumes are certainly the proper place for Blackett's verses to Mr. Pratt, but we have nothing to do with Mr. Pratt's verses to Joseph Blackett. They are misplaced, and we do not hesitate to say, notwithstanding the editor's apologies on this very point, they are intrusive. Upon the same principle, the numberless disjointed scraps of letters, in which the editor, in some shape or other, meets us at every turn, might very well have been spared. From the materials before him, it was in the power of Mr. Pratt to draw up an interesting account of the life of his protégé and to affix it to his works; in mentioning any particular traits of the goodness of his heart, he might have corroborated his statement by a few references. The faculties of his mind were to speak for themselves, and this biographical sketch being concluded, we should have expected to lose sight of all personages but the author himself. The present case is wholly different: a great portion of the life is to be collected scrap by scrap from unconnected passages of letters, divided into different series and spread through the first volume. This system of arrangement is, of itself, a ground of censure on the editor; but he is not contented with blazoning himself to the world as the patron of one young man, he is, it appears, the arbiter of taste, and gives the nod of encouragement to unexpected talent, wherever he can find it. Witness the following extract from his preface to series the 6th of J. Blackett's communications to him.

'The following short letters and poetical pieces find a place here, not only because they are tributary to the genius of Mr. Blackett, but because they are specimens of *precocity* of talents rarely equalled. They were written by a young lady, *now only in the eleventh year of her age*, whose mental gifts and early attainments in exercising and enriching them, whether in compositions of verse or prose, as well as a skill in music and the languages, without losing any charm of childhood's simplicity, so far surpass any thing the editor has ever yet met, as an example of premature and diversified talents, that he can scarcely regret being denied the privilege of revealing the name of the authoress.'

After this, the reader will find some difficulty in believing that no one of these pieces is in any way tributary to the genius of Blackett, or even contains an allusion to the

existence of such a person, and of the letters one only is addressed to Mr. B. while the other three are tributes to the genius of Mr. Pratt! The collection, therefore, can have been introduced for no other reason than the gratification of the redundant egotism of the editor. The very pains this gentleman takes to disclaim such a spirit, with us, adds a corroboration to the positive evidence of facts against him. As to the *precocious* young lady herself, we have only to say, that the merit of her performances is wholly foreign to our purpose; we are nevertheless not slow to allow, that she must be a very extraordinary child.

Our opinion of Mr. Pratt's editorial labours may be pretty well collected from what we have already said, and though he has intruded his company upon us during the whole of the first volume, we should feel nevertheless wanting in justice and respect, were we to omit noticing, with due applause, his exertions in the cause of charity. Other motives, as we have hinted, may have combined to rouse these exertions (and how seldom is it that they do not?) but we sincerely believe, that charity was the main-spring. Having said thus much, we proceed to Joseph Blackett, the deserving object of these attentions. The pieces here published, consist, 1st. of songs and miscellaneous poetry, 2dly. of three unfinished dramas, and 3dly. of the *Times*, an ode, written in 1809, and the only piece published by the author himself. There is an easy versification and simplicity of idea in many of the songs very pleasing; we are not surprised by much novelty of imagination, but we catch the melancholy which so frequently infects the muse of Blackett, and are easily led away into the train of feelings indulged by the poet. There are some few specimens of comic verse, of the success of which we cannot speak very highly, with the exception of the 'sketch of burlesque tragedy.' This fragment in the style of *Tom Thumb* is very humorously conducted. Blackett had a very clear conception of the mock-pathetic and mock-sublime. His genius takes, perhaps, most pleasure in the delineations of the horrible in poetry. Witness the opening of his ode on the birth of ingratitude.

‘ Rouse the lyre with horrid sweep,
Strains of frenzied discord swell,
Summon from the “vasty deep”
The furies of relentless hell;
On me let their eye-balls glare,
Let them lash me with their flaming hair,

Fan my strings
With raven wings,
And join my song in cadence rude,
For ah! I sing the birth of black ingratitude.

Vol. I, p. 267.

There is an air of wild grandeur thrown over the whole ode. The exclamation 'ah!' in the last line gives a flatness to the concluding part of this stanza. This defect does not recur in any of the other concluding lines, which required especial care to be raised beyond the prior parts of the stanza. 'Bedlam, or the effusions of Madness,' displays the genius of Blackett in the same colours as the foregoing ode; indeed we are induced to dissent from the opinion of Cumberland that Mr. B.'s genius pointed more towards dramatic writing than any other species of composition; his odes seem to have flowed from his pen in a much richer current, and the freedoms of invention and sublimity of expression, which they admit, to have been more consonant to the natural wildness of his muse. 'Bedlam' requires a good deal of re-touching; it was written, indeed, almost extempore, and, we doubt not, had it received corrections, would have exhibited more marked discriminations, and nicer distinctions between the degrees and varieties of madness, than it can at present lay claim to. Some pastorals in the manner of Cunningham exhibit the mind of the author in a very different view; his ease in this department, to which we confess ourselves not very partial, proves nevertheless the extreme pliability of talent of which he was possessed. In these pieces he has attained what is the only desideratum, he is simple without being childish or vulgar; we do not conceive that the nature of the kind of poetry will admit of much higher praise.

It would be unfair to expect the same approaches to perfection in the great work of the formation of a drama from Blackett, as in effusions which more easily admit of unpruned genius. The artificial structure of a story, the choice and invention of incident, the conduct and distinction of characters, and the varieties of language necessary for their personification are difficulties which require more experience than the present author could possibly have acquired. It will be recollected that we have only one living author, who may be said to have really succeeded in tragedy, we mean Miss Baillie; failure consequently becomes less to be feared, as success becomes incalculably more desirable. As the praise which we should bestow

on these unfinished dramatic sketches would be much qualified, by bestowing it only from comparative merit, and with reference to the youth and inexperience of the writer, we shall forbear from entering into any criticism on the compositions. Mr. Pratt observes, that

'to the lover of genius and the candid critic the surprize will be, not that these sketches should be found deficient in the trim and trickery of the modern stage, but that they should, being the work of a boy only, and born to toil, discover any connection of characters and incidents at all.'

This is a very injudicious sentence, and sufficient to draw upon the editor the whole of the class of objectors to the children of nature, whom we noticed in the beginning of our article. The dramatic sketches are succeeded by the ode, denominated 'the Times,' in which Blackett does not rise to the height of his flight in some of the former odes; there is an equality of dignity throughout the whole, which although it does not soar very high, never sinks.

We cordially regret the untimely death of Joseph Blackett, cut off in the very infancy of a reputation, which would, we are convinced, have taken a far wider range than what can be expected to attend on these relics of a genius yet only progressive in the refinements of poetry. The present work, while it shews us what he was, will, we trust, be taken as a pledge of what he would have been. There is one singularly promising feature of future success in poetry had he lived, which we cannot refrain from noticing. His ideas never partake of the situation in low life, in which fortune had placed him. Can this be said of Bloomfield—can it be said of Burns? we are not introducing a comparison of genius, but simply observing one plain fact. Blackett seems to have vaulted into a range of ideas in no way partaking of the objects which surrounded him. His regard to Mr. Pratt does not seem to have changed the colour of his muse: Pratt has shone most in poetry in forcible appeals to humanity, and in some feeling touches which we have formerly noticed with praise, but he is very apt to sink into a mawkish strain of sensibility. This, with all his grateful admiration of his patron, Blackett has seldom reflected; a little of it may perhaps be traced in his 'Dying Horse,' but not in a degree to displease. The purchase of these volumes, which we recommend with earnestness to our readers, will be an act of discerning and well-directed charity, but we

by no means limit our recommendation to these unequivocal grounds; the purchasers will be possessed of the remains of undoubted genius, they will be enabled to trace its progress, to appreciate the value of the benevolent patronage of those who fostered it, and from the promises here held out to them, to figure in imagination, a melancholy gratification we allow, the success which would hereafter have attended the poet. Had this work been published during the author's life, it would have been open to some objections, for having appeared too soon, before he had made sufficient progress to lay claim to public attention, particularly in dramatic composition, and in these objections we ourselves should have joined. Under the present circumstances they fall to the ground, and we offer our thanks for what we have now received.

ART. VIII.—*Transactions of the Medical Society of London.* Vol. 1. Part I. 8vo. Maxwell, 1810.

THE Society, to which we are indebted for the publication of this volume, and which has already given several to the world under the title of *Memoirs of the Medical Society*, intend, as we are informed, 'to publish at shorter and more regular intervals than hitherto a selection of the papers that may be laid before them.' Complaints have been made, that by publishing at distant and uncertain periods, the interest of many communications has been diminished or wholly lost. We conceive, however, that communications which possess but a temporary value are best adapted to the fugitive publications, with which the present day so abundantly teems: nor do we suppose that the Medical Society of London (the title which these gentlemen have pleased to appropriate to themselves) think so lowly of the talents of their members, or of the importance of their labours, as to put them on a level with productions, which for the most part perish at the moment of their birth. Without presuming, however, to question the judgment of the society in resolving to be much more alert than heretofore in the business of publication, we shall briefly examine the contents of the volume before us, estimating its value by what we consider to be its intrinsic worth, and prizing useful truths, under whatever garb they are clothed, or from whatever quarter they issue.

Art. I.—On Medical Technology. By John Mason Good, F.R.S. Sec. M. S.

This paper is purely philological. By technology, Mr. Good means phraseology; and considering that the dignity of medicine is derived from the place it holds among the sciences, rather than from its practice as an art, we do not think the term happily chosen.

The objections, which Mr. Good makes to the language of medicine, may be applied with equal force to the English language in general, or to the French, Spanish, Italian, and probably to every living or dead language. It is (he says) a compound of words derived from many other languages, Hebrew and Arabic, Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German. So is our vulgar English; and yet it answers very well every purpose of oral communication. He sums up his objections in the following terms:

‘The sources then of the impurity and perplexity of medical language may be contemplated under the following heads: First, the intermixture of different tongues that have no family or dialectic union. Secondly, the want of a common principle in the origin or appropriation of terms. Thirdly, the introduction of a variety of useless synonyms, or the adoption of different words by different writers to express the same idea. Fourthly, *imprecision* in the use of the same terms. Fifthly, an unnecessary coinage of new terms upon a coinage of new systems.’

These defects or redundancies Mr. Good illustrates in their order; but many of the examples are so little in use, that it requires some research to make out what diseases are designated by them. Many diseases are exotic, as much as plants and animals; and we cannot see how foreign words are to be avoided, when speaking of foreign things.

Mr. Good complains that the Greek *para* (παρα) is used in such a variety of senses, that it leads the judgment astray, instead of serving it as a guide. But if the Greeks themselves so used it, how can this defect (if it be one) be avoided? In candour to the ancients let us look at home for a moment. Mr. Good has himself, we fancy, coined the word *imprecision*, where the preposition *im* is a negative. In his favour he has the analogy of the words *imperfect*, *impertinent*, *immoral*, &c. But then there are *impressive*, *imbitter*, *imbellish*, *impoverish*, with

many others, in some of which it is rather augmentative; and the man who should attempt to banish every word from languages, which does not square with some fancied rule of perfection which he has laid down, would undertake more than the labours of Hercules.

For Greek authorities Mr. Good very properly refers us to Hippocrates; and he adds, 'in his failure he may perhaps be best supplied from Asclepiades, Celsus, Cœlius Aurelianus,' &c. We are willing to suppose Mr. Good to mean that we may find the *Greek* terms used by these latter *Latin* writers; but for the works of Asclepiades we must crave to be informed where they are to be found? Mons. Le Clerc, (a writer tolerably learned for the days in which he wrote) says of the doctrines of Asclepiades, 'Nous pourrions mieux juger de ce qu'il tenoit, si ses écrits étoient venus jusqu'à nous, mais ils sont tous perdus,' &c. It is singularly fortunate if they have been latterly retrieved, as they were probably written with much purity. He must have been no ordinary writer, whom Cicero thus eulogises:

'Neque vero Asclepiades is, quo nos medico amicoque usi sumus, tum cùm eloquentiâ vincebat cæteros medicos, in eo ipso quod ornate dicebat, Medicinæ facultate utebatur, non eloquentiæ.'

Mr. Good says that to Baglivi we are indebted for the term *hysteria*. These *nugæ difficiles* are not worth the trouble of wiping off the dust from the volumes on our shelves. But the facts lie in a nut-shell. We find that the dedication to the first of Baglivi's works, his *Praxis Medica* is dated 1696; whereas Sydenham's epistle to Cole, the latter part of which is, *de Affectionibus Hystericis*, was published in 1681. The term being in common use at this period, might doubtless be traced much farther back; but we cannot waste our time in so frivolous a pursuit.

Art. II.—Memoirs of the late William Hewson, Fellow of the Royal and Medical Societies, and Teacher of Anatomy in London. By J. C. Lettsom, M. D. LL. D. &c. Pres. R. S.

Mr. Hewson was a very meritorious and ingenious man, and we are happy to find this slight tribute of respect paid to him from the pen of the ingenuous and well-intentioned president of the society.

Art. III.—History of fatal Effects from the accidental Use of White-Lead; in a Letter to the President. By John Deering, Surgeon, F. M. S. With additional Remarks by William Shearman, M. D. F. M. S.

Nothing can be more useful than the record of accidents such as befel the unfortunate family, whose calamity is related in this paper. The disease with which they were successively attacked, bore well-marked symptoms of saturnine colic. A summary of the event is comprized in the following extract :

‘Of nine persons in this family, who were more or less indisposed, four died, and the effects of the poison appear to have been nearly in the ratio of their respective ages.

‘The infant, fifteen months old, was attacked, and expired within the space of twenty-four hours; the child six years of age survived a fortnight; Mrs. R. aged forty, lingered three months before the fatal event took place; and the mother-in-law, aged sixty-seven, died four months after the attack.

‘The symptoms in each were very similar. The vomiting, pain in the stomach, and costiveness, marked the attack of the disease; and the soreness of the epigastric region in those who recovered was not removed by medicine, but seemed rather gradually to wear away by time and change of air. The matter vomited was usually of a dark yellow colour, though sometimes green; the fæces were in general dark coloured; but in the case of Mrs. R. they were completely white during the space of twenty-four hours only.

—‘The countenances of all the patients exhibited a pale, sickly, wan aspect. The pulse in each was slow and regular, rather indeed sluggish, and generally below the natural state; but in no instance was there any symptom of paralysis.’

This accident was, after much ineffectual research, traced to the use of sugar, which had been put into a cask, that had previously contained white-lead.

Dr. Shearman relates, in the observations appended to this paper, that in a small sea-port town in Essex, an endemial colic was traced to the use of Hollands gin, impregnated with lead. It appeared, that the officers of the excise had seized the spirit from the smugglers; and that previous to its sale, it had been impregnated with sugar of lead, for the purpose of depriving the spirit of the colour which it always obtains by being kept for some time in the tubs in which it is brought over sea by the smugglers. The loss of this colour enhances the price by three

or four shillings a gallon. This fact affords a useful hint to those who drink such liquors; though probably they are mostly of a description of persons, who are little heedful of the consequences of their habits.

Art. IV.—History of a Case resembling Hydrophobia, from the Bite of a Cat. By Joshua Dixon, M.D. of Whitehaven, Corresponding Member of the Medical Society.

The subject of this accident was a young woman of the age of eighteen. She was bit on the hand by a rabid cat, on 22d January, 1809, and was seized with the symptoms of hydrophobia on the 7th of April following. The malady seemed seated more in the stomach than about the fauces; every thing she took being rejected by vomiting. There was no horror of water, but the mode of swallowing was neither easy nor natural. 'She appeared to open her throat widely, and greedily gulped down by a very small quantity; the strong convulsive spasms preventing free deglutition, and perceptibly interrupting her breathing.'

The violence of the disease was ushered in by convulsions; and it proved fatal in the course of fifty-eight hours.

It is needless almost to observe, that no medicine had the slightest effect. In fact, it seems that death in one sense may be said to have taken place from the first attack, all the symptoms being merely the phenomena of dying. If the future industry or good fortune of medical practitioners should attain to a mode of obviating the effects of the hydrophobic poison, it must be by some treatment adopted immediately after the infliction of the wound, when the system is silently undermined; though the changes which are introduced escape the notice of the senses.

Art. V.—Reflections on the indiscriminate use of Mercurial Preparations in Medicine. By W. Falconer, M.D. F.R.S.

In this age of mercurial quackery, when calomel is administered as a panacea, we hope that the calm and sensible reasoning of this judicious physician will be duly attended to. The property which is most decidedly ascribed to preparations of mercury is that of being deobstruent. Dr. Falconer suspects that the stimulant and inflammatory qualities of mercury are more likely to lay the foundation of obstruction than to remove it. In scro-

fula and cancer it is prejudicial. In cases of decided hepatitis the doctor asserts the bad effects of calomel to be still more evident; and illustrates the position by an example, which will not, however, it is probable, appear decisive to the advocates of the mercurial practice. In jaundice, from simple obstruction of the gall ducts, the choice of calomel as a purgative is not only unnecessary but improper.

Dr. Falconer complains with reason of the indiscriminate application of the term bilious to diseases, the symptoms of which afford no clear marks with regard to their nature. These are asserted to proceed either from a deficiency or redundancy of bile, or from its depraved and corrupted state; though no marks of any of these faults appear, either in the colour of the skin, or in the colour, quantity, or other qualities of the evacuations. And upon this mere hypothesis calomel is indiscriminately applied, without regard to age, sex, or constitution, or any consideration of its ultimate effects.

Mercury Dr. Falconer charges with producing tremors, palsies, and mania.

‘I have myself,’ (he says) ‘seen repeatedly from this cause a kind of approximation to these maladies, that embittered life to such a degree, by the shocking depression of spirits, and other nervous agitations with which it was accompanied, as to make it more than commonly probable that many of the suicides which disgrace our country were occasioned by the intolerable feelings which result from such a state of the nervous system.’

There are those who prescribe mercury in almost every complaint, even in acute inflammations; and ascribe to its effects the recovery of the patients. Between statements so discordant, how can an unprejudiced person discern the truth? Probably it lies in a middle point. Most of its curative powers are perhaps imaginary: whilst the mischiefs ascribed to it are often traced to a wrong source, and ought more justly to be accounted the consequences of constitutional derangement, or of erroneous habits of life.

Art. VI.—On the Staphyloma, Hydrophthalmia, and Carcinoma of the Eye. By James Ware, Esq. F. R. S. and Vice President of the Medical Society.

We find it impossible to abridge this paper, but we cannot but recommend it to the attention of professional readers. The diseases described are such as do not fall

much under the observation of those engaged in the common duties of the profession; and are on that account the more interesting.

The disease called *fungus hæmatodes* of the eye we believe Mr. Ware considers as essentially the same as cancer, only affecting persons in an earlier stage of life, and happening most commonly in infancy. Mr. Ware has given a very good description both of this form of disease and of the more common carcinoma. The only relief hitherto obtained is by extirpation of the diseased part. Of this operation, he says, 'although it be a melancholy truth that the operation has too often failed, this does not lead to the conclusion that its performance is always improper, since it certainly has not unfrequently succeeded.'

Art. VII.—Case of extensive Suppuration of the Liver, with Appearances resembling Ascites, and which terminated favourably. By Mr. John Burns, C. M. S. Teacher of Anatomy and Midwifery in Glasgow.

Art. VIII.—Observations on the Hare Lip. By Isaac Rand, A. M. M. M. S. S. C. M. S.

Art. IX.—Histories of two extraordinary Cases. By W. Norris, Esq. Surgeon to the Charter-House, and Vice-President of the Medical Society.

The first of these histories records a singular disease of the cranium. Tumours appeared successively on various parts of the head, which were found to contain matter; when exposed, a piece of bone was observed either detached, or nearly so from the parts beneath. At first the outer table of the skull only was affected; pieces separated, and the wound healed. After two or three months the bone separated through its whole depth; the dura mater was generally exposed by the separation of each piece, and the wounds in the scalp no longer peeled. The dura mater itself was apparently sound. This disease lasted rather more than a twelvemonth, when it proved fatal. A plate is given of the cranium, as it appeared after death.

It is proper to remark that there was no suspicion the subject of the disease (a respectable woman, aged 51) either was or had ever been exposed to the syphilitic poison.

The second of these cases is an account of a satyriasmus. Mr. Norris has very properly clothed his narration in the Latin language. The same motive which suggested

this precaution precludes us from giving the detail ; it is, however, both curious and instructive.

Art. X.—On the Medicinal Properties of Sanguinaria Canadensis, or Blood Root. In a Letter to the President from Dr. N. Smith, Hanover (North America.)

Dr. Smith informs us that this root in doses of four or five grains acts as a strong emetic. It is likewise an errhine and escharotic. The doctor has used it in cases of hæmoptysis, and in coughs ; giving it both as a vomit, and in smaller doses. ‘ Given in this manner,’ he says, ‘ if the patient has not a confirmed hectic, it generally cures the cough.’ He has found it useful likewise in inflammatory rheumatism.

Art. XI.—Case of Tic Doloieux, or painful Affection of the Face. By Anthony Fothergill, M.D. C.M.S. late Physician at Bath, now of Philadelphia.

This case resisted a host of doctors and surgeons, who prescribed respectively

‘ Leeches, blisters, anodyne fomentations, lotions, embrocations, and issues ; internally ether, volatiles, valerian, asafoetida, guaiacum, wolfsbane, cicuta for ten months ; also bark, steel, extract hyoscyam. nigr. ; and lastly Perkincken tractors.’

The patient refused to have the nerve divided ; probably she was in the right.

Art. XII.—Remarks on the Land Winds and their Causes. By William Roxburgh, M.D.

The land winds on the coast of Coromandel blow at particular seasons from the western hills, commonly called the ghauts, towards the Bay of Bengal. They generally commence in the latter end of April or beginning of May, and they last to the earlier days of June, during which period they exert their violence generally from ten or eleven o’clock in the morning, till three or four in the afternoon. These winds are distinguished for their intense heat and singular dryness. The thermometer is at 108° or 112° ; it has been known to rise to 115°, and, as it has been said, even to 150°. Shades, globes, tumblers, then very often crack and break to pieces ; and the wooden furniture warps and shrinks so much, that even the nails fall out of the doors and tables, &c. This wind has the same pernicious effects on animal bodies as the sirocco and samiel. Dr. Roxburgh says,

'The continuance of this wind causes pain in the bones, and a general lassitude in all that live; and in some, paralytic or hemiplegic affections. Its sudden approach has, besides, the dreadful effect of destroying men and animals instantaneously.

'It is not very uncommon to see large kites or crows, as they fly, drop down dead; and smaller birds I have known to die, or take refuge in houses, in such numbers, that a very numerous family has used nothing else for their daily meals than these victims of the inclemency of the season and their inhospitality. In populous places it is also not very uncommon to hear, that four or five people have died in the streets in the course of a day, in consequence of their being taken unprepared. This happens especially at the first setting in of those winds.'

After refuting, and we think, satisfactorily, the common hypothesis, that the extraordinary heat which distinguishes these winds is owing to the absorption of caloric in their passage over an extensive tract of country, at a time when the sun acts with peculiar power, Dr. Roxburgh proposes another of his own founded upon chemical principles. It is sufficiently known that bodies in passing from a state of rarity to one of condensation, produce heat; or, according to the theory of latent heat, emit caloric. Dr. Roxburgh, applying this principle, proposes as a solution of the phenomenon the heat given out by the water that had been held in solution by the air, and deposited in form of clouds or rain.

'The clouds formed on the ghauts, charged with water and electricity (by causes I am not now to investigate) are driven to the westward, whilst the heat which during the formation of these clouds, must necessarily be discharged, is carried to the east or to the lower parts of the coast and causes the properties for which the land winds are so remarkable.'

Art. XIII.—Cases illustrating the Effects of Oil of Turpentine in expelling the Tape-Worm.

The cases here related are communications from different members of the society. We do not think that the evidence in favour of the medicine is very strong; since the oil of turpentine appears to act simply as a purgative; and we cannot discover that it is better than those already in use. It is proved however that very large doses of this fiery oil may be taken, commonly with impunity; nine drachms was the quantity given by Dr. Lettsom; and one gentleman administered an ounce and half. It is said to produce a degree of giddiness like intoxica-

tion, but which goes off as soon as the oil has passed out of the stomach. In most of the cases it simply imparted to the urine a terebinthinate smell without irritating the organs; but it is allowed, that in one case it produced violent retchings, tenesmus, strangury, and great pain of the back; the urine was also tinged with blood. The strangury and tenesmus continued nearly a week, and the patient was unable to work for several days.

We should require stronger proof of the superior efficacy of this substance to those in common use, before we should venture to substitute it for them.

Art. XIV.—Some Account of the Life and Writings of Nathaniel Hulme, M. D. F. M. S. late Physician to the Charter House. By H. Clutterbuck, M. D. F. M. S. &c.

Dr. Hulme was, in his day, a respectable inoffensive member of society. But we doubt whether there was any thing either in his character or his acquirements so striking as to require or even to justify the printing of this memorial of him. If every man, such as Dr. Hulme, who lived a retired life, enjoying a plentiful income, and amusing himself with not very important philosophical experiments, were to receive an *éloge*, societies such as the London Medical Society, might publish an annual folio.

With more propriety is there added to the narrative of Dr. Hulme's life, an account of a truss which he invented for the relief of sufferers from hernia, a malady under which he laboured. He was very anxious, in his last illness, that the account of it should be published for the public benefit. This trait does real honour to his memory. The works of men are the most proper monuments of their name and character.

ART. IX.—*An Essay on Human Consciousness, containing an original View of the Operations of Mind, sensual and intellectual.* By John Fearn. London, Longman, 1811, 4to.

THOUGH the hypothesis which Mr. Fearn has developed in this work, may be doomed to share the fate which has attended the labours of other-theorists on the nature and constitution of the human mind, yet he has certainly supported it with no small share of ability and penetration. He appears to be a calm and patient inquirer after truth;

not fond of novelty for novelty's sake, but not afraid of divulging a new opinion, when he thinks that it is established by the force of evidence.

Notwithstanding the accumulated labours of metaphysicians, the science of mind is still in its infancy; the different phenomena have not yet been observed with sufficient nicety and discrimination, nor collected with sufficient copiousness for a comprehensive induction, nor even for the formation of any satisfactory hypothesis.

Mr. Fearn argues, that the mind is an extended substance of a definite shape. He thinks, that great errors have been occasioned by those who have defended the immateriality of the mind, and at the same time supposed its 'non-extension.' Its extension, in the opinion of Mr. F. is necessary to render it capable of acting on the body. According to him, there can be no interaction of mind and body unless both have this common property. But though Mr. Fearn believes, that mind is an extended substance, he argues, that it is 'immutable,' and so far his theory is in unison with that of the immaterialist, and favourable to the supposition of a future state.

As the mind, in this hypothesis of Mr. Fearn, is an *immutable* substance, he has provided for its permanent identity, the supposition of which is not so easy, if we maintain that the intellectual principle is constituted of the same fluctuating and fugitive particles as our corporeal frame, or if, with the more gross materialists, we imagine mind only a mode, or property of a material organization, which is in a state of perpetual change.

Mr. Fearn is not a materialist who thinks, that the organization of the brain produces consciousness, nor does he support the 'mental non-extension' of the immaterialists. The substance of the author's theory is, that 'mind operates by extension, distinct from brain,' and that 'brain cannot be the agent of thought.'

When the author supposes the substance of mind to be different from that of matter, and yet to have the common property of extension, he does not pretend to define what either is; but mentions in what respects he believes them to differ or agree.

The author allows, that the 'mind is indebted to the physical organs which belong to it for all the knowledge it possesses.' He appears, at the same time, to make the consciousness of the mind more dependent on the body than the facts warrant, or than his own hypothesis required. 'We have no ground,' says he, 'to suppose; that the mind

ever moved *consciously* until the body moved it.' Did the author reflect, that the body itself is a mere inert substance without the mind, and that the principle of motion, at least of all voluntary motion, is in the mind? Sensation, says Mr. Fearn, is 'requisite to set the mind first in motion'; but can sensation exist out of the mind? Is it not clearly demonstrable by experiment, that sensation does not exist in the corporeal organs, but in the sensory or mind itself, in whatever part of the brain it may be supposed to be placed?

Mr. Fearn does not imagine, that the 'mind grows with the body;' but he says (p. 14), that it 'nevertheless depends for its *due* action upon the growth of the body.' The meaning of the author in this passage is not very definite. The growth of the body means an accretion of parts and an increase of dimensions. Of such a species of growth, the mind is certainly not susceptible, unless we suppose it to be only an organization of perishable matter, or a mere mode or property of the organized brain. This is not the meaning of Mr. Fearn, who represents the mind as an immutable substance, distinct from the body, but possessing the common property of extension. If, then, the mind 'does not grow with the body,' according to the opinion of our author, what is his specific meaning when he says, that it 'depends for its *due* action on the growth of the body?' The mind certainly cannot operate without external means. It cannot walk a journey without feet, nor build a house without hands. But it can think without either hands or feet. If the word 'growth,' be used in a less restricted sense, and be taken for a gradual increase and maturation of powers, the mind certainly grows for a much longer time than the animal body to which it belongs. It often, indeed, becomes more vigorous and robust, when the body has long passed its highest point of increase, and even exhibits symptoms of decay. It grows in knowledge many years after the body has ceased to grow in length, breadth, or strength.

The body is improveable by culture, but the mind is improveable to a much greater degree, and for a much longer period, and instead of 'its *due* action' being dependent 'upon the growth of the body,' it appears, in its most important operations, an independent and self-moving power. Though Mr. Fearn supposes mind 'a reality, distinct from body,' he adds (p. 14), 'we have no ground to think, that mind can either *act* or *feel* in *any* state without the condition of some *adapted* or *organized* body.' But can this

really be the condition of mind? Can that which alone feels, perceives, and thinks, be so entirely dependent on that which is naturally insensate and inert? When it is said, that the intellectual functions are suspended during sound sleep, this is no proof, that the action of the mind is dependent on the corporeal organs, for the mind appears, even according to the confession of the author, to have been made subject to this condition, that sensitive beings susceptible of fatigue, and exposed to suffering, may have periodical intervals of rest.

What Mr. Fearn says on consciousness, is sometimes rather indefinite and obscure. He asserts, p. 16, 'from the beginning of human life to the end, *all our knowledge* is received by *consciousness*.' He here makes consciousness another term for the mind itself, rather than a particular state or position of the thoughts. When he says, that '*all our knowledge* is received by *consciousness*,' is not this the same as to say, that consciousness is the percipient of all our ideas, or, that we know only what we are conscious that we know? This will be readily granted by those who are convinced, that knowledge is not ignorance, or that they cannot know any thing, and not know it at one and the same time.

Mr. Fearn proceeds to acquaint us, that this consciousness is 'absolute feeling of affections present in the mind, including revived feeling of those affections which have formerly been present in it.' He goes on, in the next paragraph, repeating much the same thing with a little diversity of expression. 'Consciousness,' says he, 'is that feeling which gives conviction of any affection being present in the mind, whether it be intelligence from sense, intelligence of intellect, or a remembrance of any intelligence, sensual or intellectual.' Here are certainly rather more words than were requisite on the occasion. We should have been perfectly satisfied, if Mr. Fearn had in this place said no more on consciousness than what is to be found in one short sentence of Locke. 'Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind.' Essay on Human Understanding, 1. 19.

Mr. Fearn arguing, that 'consciousness includes perceptions of sensations and ideas,' informs us, that it is 'the *sole universal sense*.' It is certain, that the sensations which proceed from the excitement of the different organs of sense, all find a point of coherence or union in the consciousness of the individual; and hence man is constituted one indivisible self. But, though this be clear, what distinct ideas

have we of Mr. Fearn's assertion, that consciousness is 'the sole universal sense?' We suppose, that he means the sensory of the whole corporeal machine, or, that he intended only to repeat what he had in effect said before, that consciousness constitutes the whole mind; or, that 'all our knowledge is received by consciousness.'

Having thus shown the great latitude in which Mr. Fearn uses the term 'consciousness,' there is little occasion to remark, that the title of his work, 'An Essay on Human Consciousness,' might have been exchanged for the title of Mr. Locke's book, 'An Essay concerning Human Understanding.' Indeed the word 'understanding,' as comprehending the whole intellectual state of man, as opposed to his more gross, animal nature, would have been more appropriate and less liable to mislead.

Mr. Fearn talks, p. 18, of treating 'of the several divisions of consciousness.' He should have used the word modes or properties, rather than *divisions*; for how can we divide that which is indivisible, and which he himself, in some parts of his work, seems to consider as one immutable whole?

We cannot always approve the terms which are employed by Mr. Fearn. They are occasionally too corporeal to express the fine and impalpable operations of mind, or too metaphorical for a philosophical treatise. Thus, p. 19, he calls the 'will,' 'a sort of mental *disjunctive conjunction*,' by which 'feeling and action are divided or articulated,' or 'a hinge upon which feeling turns to action.' This is certainly very ambiguous and obscure.

The leading or titular proposition of Section V. cap. iii. is, that 'ALL KNOWLEDGE IS FEELING.' Mr. F. had before made sensation the origin of all intellectual agency, and had said (p. 12), that 'the mind is indebted to the physical organs for all the knowledge it possesses,' and we should suppose, that he means here, that all knowledge is ultimately derived from the senses. But as we proceed in Mr. F.'s development of the subject, if such it may be called, we are bewildered in a confusion of terms, till we almost lose our way in the labyrinth of metaphor and metaphysics. We will quote part of this section as a specimen of the work and an exemplification of the reasoning.

'However it may at first appear, I think, feeling and action playing on the articulation, will or desire, comprehend every change incident to mind. The boundless fields of human thought and enterprize, the never ending trains of sensations, ideas, reasonings, and results, elaborated, by the mind itself, into

passions and morals, and extending their courses throughout all the difficult regions of science; all these will be found not to proceed from, but to be themselves, in every step of their processes, either feeling or action.' * * * * Reasoning is an alternation of feeling and action. Throughout the longest induction, will performs the very similar part that it does when we are trying by the eye to discover, at a distance, whether a certain visible object be a man or a horse. In this case, we voluntarily bend the organ upon the object, and endeavour, by every change of posture and energy, to embrace any moment of light that may *permit* discernment. At length, when we have succeeded, the discovery is *gratuitous*, and we *only suffer* it, though will has been so very industrious to enable us to *suffer* it. In reasoning, the mind perceives the equality or difference in two ideas, and then acts, by will to compare one of these with some other, that is, will puts us in a new situation to perceive the result of the sought comparison, and *then* we *do* perceive it, and so on. It has been laid down by a learned author, that reasoning requires *two* different mental *powers*. Now what I offer is, that one of the two powers is *mere* will to look in various directions, and the other only a passive capacity to perceive equality or difference, between two things, which last power, is like the power of wax to be *melting*, being no other than suffering. The mind of a philosopher patiently traversing the untrod fields of science, operates radically in a similar way to that of a boy shut up in a closet full of holes watching the flight of a number of pigeons round him. The boy desires to see them, and having caught a glimpse of one, lo! it is blue: he then watches to see others, and having succeeded with a second, it is white. He had in his option to watch or not to watch; but having watched until the pigeons crossed his attentive eyes, he could not avoid seeing them, neither could he make the blue pigeon white, nor the white pigeon blue. These conscious *truths* he *suffers* irresistibly. Thus all knowledge acquired by *design*, is nothing but accession of new facts in consciousness, which the voluntary acts of the mind had put us in a situation to *suffer*; and all knowledge acquired *without design*, consists in similar conscious *sufferings*, through *chance*. The mind is often truly active in search of knowledge, but always as passive in *finding* it as in receiving a blow which we put ourselves in the way to suffer.

Mr. Fearn calls the above an 'extremely simple view of the mind,' which he seems to think it of importance for us to remember. Mr. Fearn not only supports the hypothesis, that the mind is an extended substance, but argues, that the *shape* of it is that of 'a flexible spherule.' He thus illustrates this curious theory.

'If a man take any *inflated flexible ball* between his hands and

press it, on all, sides, with the ends of his ten divided fingers, each acting with a different degree of force; he shall find, that the finger which presses strongest will make the deepest flexure in the ball; and all the other fingers will be deep in proportion each to its own degree of pressure, and, if the man varies the pressure, and also increases it, he shall observe, that by urging any one finger, very much, the flexures made by the other fingers will begin to lessen, until at length the smallest flexures will wholly disappear, and all the others in succession (the weakest or smallest continually going first), although their respective pressures are still acting upon the ball. In other words, by variously applying the pressures upon different points of the ball, it will follow with mechanical precision, that strong forces affect, lessen, and, at length, obliterate the impressions or flexures made by weaker forces; in a similar order to what takes place in cases of present and pressing external affections in the mind itself. Again, if the different forces be still applied to the flexible ball, and if the strongest pressing force is made to relax gradually, we shall then have the weaker forces re-producing the same flexures or hollows which they had lately lost, precisely in the reverse order of their departure. Being in the very same way that weak affections re-impress the mind (if their impulses be present), on the gradual relaxation of strong affections, the similar order of these facts, as governed on the physical organ, to the order of perceptions governed in the mind, is so correct, striking, and undeniable, that I think it will be admitted without hesitation.

No small part of Mr. Fearn's book is printed in italics, of which the above extract is a notable specimen. We know not the reason which caused the author thus to disfigure his page. While Mr. Fearn supposes, that the mind, like the ball which he has mentioned, is '*flexible in surface*,' he asserts, that it is 'immutable and impenetrable in substance.'

'The surface of the mind,' says he, 'when not affected, is perfectly uniform, and is in contact, throughout, with nervous influence, or perhaps some elementary matter, this last being the medium of its co-operation with the body and external world. Mind possesses a limited or qualified motivity, moving not until nerve has acted upon it; but, being duly moved, it displays a peculiar limited power of varying and regulating its own motions and of giving new sorts of motion to the body which first moved it. When the external force wholly ceases, the action of the mind is necessarily included, and it moves no more until nerve stimulates it again. If, during a state of rest, any nervous stimulus press strong enough to produce any motion, this must occasion inequality or flexure in the surface of mind, and

such flexure is accompanied by an instance of perception, whereby mind is apprized of its own existence, or waked to feeling and action.'

'If the mind be supposed to possess the figure and texture of a flexible spherule, it appears admirably adapted to receive any number of co-existing or synchronous flexures, on both sides of its surface, and to entertain all conceivable varieties of them, in number, form, and degree, so long as any capability of flexure remains. It is equally adapted to receive any or all of these varieties of flexures in succession, with a rapidity, greater or less, in proportion as the motions of such flexures are, in themselves, physically greater or less.'

Mr. Fearn supports this hypothesis, fanciful as it is, with considerable acumen and ingenuity, and he endeavours to show how it may be employed to account for the different intellectual phenomena. But it is too gross and mechanical, and leaves the nature of sensation, perception, and thought, as much involved in mystery as it was before. It renders the mind itself motionless and inert till, as the author expresses it, 'nerve has acted upon it.' Thus it makes all intellectual activity originate in the body, and indeed so far represents the mind only as a sort of subordinate appendage to the corporeal organs. According to Mr. Fearn, 'perception takes place on the surface of the mind,' and from the definite shape, which he has ascribed to the mind, of a flexible spherule, all intellectual changes can be nothing more than certain undulations occasioned by pressure or distension. There may, indeed, be nothing more absurd in this hypothesis than in Hartley's doctrine of vibrations, and the phenomena of ideas in the hands of an ingenious metaphysician, may perhaps be explained no less satisfactorily by the one than by the other. Hartley indeed, did not, like Mr. Fearn, assign any specific shape to the mind, yet his book does not excite any higher idea of the intellectual faculty than of a complex piece of mechanism. The 'spherule mind' of Mr. Fearn, though it is portrayed to us as an indestructible substance, is nevertheless not endued with that independent energy which we have been wont to attach to the THINKING PRINCIPLE, and which fits it for a separate existence without the necessity of any corporeal integuments. But these integuments, according to the notions of Mr. F. appear necessary to its activity in every stage of its existence. 'Though,' says Mr. F. in his second chapter, 'the sentient faculty may have existed from earliest creation, we have no ground to suppose, that it ever moved consciously till the body

moved it. Is it not rather more true, that the body would have been quiescent 'from the earliest creation,' if it had never been endued with the sentient faculty? And though the mind itself may be conscious of corporeal impulses, yet is it not absurd to say, that those impulses are the indispensable condition of its consciousness? In another passage, which we have quoted above, Mr. Fearn has stated, that 'when the *external* force wholly ceases, the action of the mind is *necessarily included*, and it moves no more till nerve stimulates again.' The hope of immortality would not be very strong in our breasts, if it had no more vigorous stay than the theory of Mr. Fearn. It certainly was not the intention of Mr. F. to repress that hope, for he evidently cherishes the agreeable expectation; but we much doubt whether those persons whose only argument in favour of a future state rests on the '*spherule mind*' of Mr. Fearn, will anticipate that event with much constancy of conviction. The truth is, that we are at present too much in the infancy of knowledge to form any thing like a satisfactory theory respecting the nature of mind. It is our duty to accumulate facts and to make observations; but we should leave it to some distant age to develop the nature either of the vital or the intellectual principle.

ART. X.—*Isadora of Milan*, 5 vols. London, Colburn, 1811.

Mr. COLBURN has furnished the readers of novels with some variety of entertainment. Wieland and Ormond lately claimed our attention; and now *Isadora of Milan* presents herself before our critical tribunal. Though this last may not possess the power of thrilling us with horror so effectually as some passages in the above mentioned publications, yet it has mystery enough to excite curiosity, and character sufficient to diversify the interest.

The chief merit of *Isadora of Milan* is the natural display of foreign female character. In particularly specifying the female characters, we do not intend to find fault with the male; they are well executed, but the female character marks the prominent features and interest of the whole. It also presents a good but fearful picture of the ebullitions of temper and the passions of youth. The hero of this novel holds out a very instructive admonition to parents and guardians, not to give way to weak and tender *overlookings* of those bursts of passion and those *self-willed*

tempers which are too often exhibited in the frowardness petulance, and ardour of youth. These unfortunate propensities, when once indulged, give rise to those strong and uncontroled emotions of the mind which lead to misery and all the bitter ills which render the remainder of our lives irksome to ourselves and useless to our fellow creatures.

The character of Isadora of Milan is boldly conceived, and is executed in a masterly manner. It may seem unnatural to *English minds* and *English readers*. But it is a highly natural and well portrayed image of *Italian daring*, and the furious temperament of Italian revenge.

The hero of this novel is first brought on the stage in a very interesting point of view. He is a boy, tenderly nurtured by a female friend (Madame de B.) on the borders of the Lake Constance, in Switzerland. By the domestics of the house he is called *Master Walter*, and universally spoken of and acknowledged as the protégé of Madame de B. He is sent to school, and on offending one of his comrades, he is told by his playfellow that he is a nameless brat, and ought to be humble, for if his parents had not blushed to own him, he would have been denominated by something more than *Master Walter*. Master W. is very tenderly alive to the suggestions of pride, which had been fostered by indulgence, and after an interval, he demands of Madame de B. to whom he belongs? She tells him, that he is an orphan, and that his name is Grosvenor. This is uttered in a manner and with a voice which escape not the penetration of little Walter: he sees in his mind's eye, that there is some mystery in the case, and his heated imagination supposes, that some disgrace lurks beneath, which he is determined to unfold.

Walter Grosvenor is, from the effect of constitution, not regulated by the force of education, a youth of ungovernable passions, though not without what is called a good heart. Stigmatised at school as a base born brat, he becomes a reflecting animal: the supposed error of his parents sinks deep into his heart. In fact, he is a wounded deer of no ordinary character. As he grows up, he is furnished with every thing requisite for a man of consequence and fashion. Yet the mystery of his birth presses heavily on his breast. At Paris, to which place he goes with his tutor, he is summoned to an interview with a gentleman who calls himself Brownlow, and who, from the warmth of his greeting and the visible effort of suppressed emotion, Grosvenor feels persuaded, is the father whom he sought.

Though his heart bounded to meet the overflowings of parental tenderness, yet indignation, that the knowledge of his origin had been so long withheld from him, urges him to inquire in rather intemperate language to whom he belongs? Mr. Brownlow's agitation and some expressions which he unguardedly drops, make our hero persist in his endeavours to gain a knowledge of his parents, and he assails the stranger so forcibly, that he is obliged to shorten his visit, though not before Grosvenor finds out, that the name of Brownlow is a deceptive one, and that the stranger is a *My Lord Somebody*.

Grosvenor gives way to all the ebullitions of his irritable temper, and mistaking mortified pride, resentment, and disappointment for a hatred of the world, he retires again into Switzerland, secludes himself from society, and applies to his studies, his pencil, and his music. After a lapse of a few years, our gentleman revisits Paris, and with an income unlimited, but derived from this Mr. Brownlow, who still remains behind the curtain, and arranges his supplies through the medium of *Madame de B.* He now enters on a career of dissipation. Endowed with violent passions, which had never experienced any salutary controul, he plunges, with secret dissatisfaction at his heart, into every species of fashionable folly. Incapable of resisting the dangerous temptations of pleasure and an ardent admirer of the fair sex, he becomes a willing slave at the Altar of Vice.

In this part of the work, the author greatly excels in his display of the French female character. It is here the merit of the book chiefly lies. The various intrigues of French women of fashion, the arts which they practise to inveigle young men of fortune, and the artifices to retain their affections, which only French women are so *au fait* at, are very ably developed and very faithfully portrayed. French mistresses, and when we say French mistresses, be it known, we mean not only respectable married women, but women of family, fortune, and education, have the skill to throw over an intrigue the colouring of passion which they do not feel, and by their wit vivacity and powers of *badinage*, forge such fetters as are not easily broken by their enslaved enamoratos. Their influence over the hearts of their lovers is a sort of invincible despotism.

The characters of *Madame Lucerne, la Comtesse de Châtillon, &c.* are faithfully sketched, but to an English mind they present very revolting portraits. Grosvenor, with quick and ardent feelings, is represented as susceptible of all the

enthusiasm of love, but not meeting with an object to inspire a proper and pure passion, with every reason to believe himself without a single legitimate tie,

'all the finer feelings of the heart,' says he, 'with which nature, unfortunately for me, had been so prodigal, had been nourished and cultivated with assiduous care, without knowing even whence my resources were derived, my purse had been liberally supplied; the attention, tenderness, and delicacy with which I had ever been treated, the respect and deference of my dependents, and the kindness of my early friends, had not prepared me for the insults of the world, or the rebuffs to which my equivocal situation in society exposed me. Credulous and compassionate, I had ever been the tool of others, while the consciousness of unmerited insult roused all the turbulent unchecked passions of my nature, which, from indulgence, had acquired strength, and spurned at controul.'

Tired of dissipation, frivolity, and female intrigue, Grosvenor applies to his pen and produces a petite piece for the stage, which is received with enthusiasm. Ardent in all his pursuits, he next composes a tragedy and repairs to the house of the Comtesse l'Etoile, whose mansion is the receptacle of *beaux esprits* and amateurs of *Les belles lettres*, to read over this performance to a circle of friends.

'The circle,' he says, 'had become somewhat more numerous than expected by myself, when the door once more opened and gave entrance to two females; the one was of considerable senior appearance to the other. She was tall even to excite observation on her height, and singularly erect: repellant rather than hauteur marked her air; her features were still strikingly fine, her teeth unimpaired, and her countenance uninctured by rouge, which in France is so universally worn by every female after marriage: this singularity was the more observable from the contrast it formed to those displaying an almost ghastly pallidness, yet, with even this disadvantage of complexion, the stamp of beauty was not to be effaced—its perfect mould stood the test of time with uninjured form; she scarcely appeared to see those around; certainly she did not view them with the slightest attention; her very soul seemed as an interior fixture, which never roamed to meet that of another, but nought imbecile, nought that was insipid, dwelt in the general expression of her features; they were marked by strong and powerful traits of mind, but they were traits which seemed to baffle the scrutiny of human analization.

'Such was the senior of these females, but the junior was *The Mourner of the Convent of St. Urseline*, whose peculiar carriage, whose marked step, and the lofty grandeur of whose air were not for an instant to be mistaken, although her coun-

tenance had been but slightly surveyed, registered more on the tablet of imagination than that of critical memory.

‘Of her person I dare not trust myself to speak: those who have not beheld her would accuse me of having dipped my pen in the ink of romance; those who have would turn with indignation from the vain, the powerless, inefficient attempt to delineate her exquisitely peculiar beauty in all its luxuriant perfection.

‘I eagerly inquired of the person who stood next me the name of this stranger; the reply was:—

‘Signora Miartini, oftener distinguished as Isadora of Milan; the lady whose arm rests within her’s is the Baroness Hermanstadt, who in her fifty-third year captivated the affections and became the bride of one of the most ancient nobles of Germany. She is now a widow, and has already numbered, I am told, her seventieth natal day. She has not been unaptly styled the German Ninon: but of the subject of her own family and connections no one seems informed; the Signora Miartini, her grand daughter, being the only relative known to the world, and she resides constantly with her.’

After Grosvenor had read his play, the younger of these females seemed to be asking some questions respecting him, when suddenly turning to the Baroness Hermanstadt, with a quick emphasis and a peculiar air of triumph, she exclaims, ‘he is an Englishman, my mother.’ Her whole frame was animated, and she seemed borne away by an involuntary

‘ebullition of soul, which appeared to rest on the term Englishman. The searching orbs of the baroness fell upon her glowing features with an expression I could not interpret; it seemed peculiarly comprehensive, pregnant with meaning. One sound of reply passed her lips; it was in the form of an ejaculation; it was not impressive of reproof or of anger, but it was emphatic; still it was only the simple pronunciation of the name of the beautiful Italian. Isadora! was all her lips breathed.’

Grosvenor soon becomes sensible of the seducing powers of the beautiful Milanese. She taught him to estimate that wide difference between licentious passion and those feelings of tenderness which mark a purer flame. She is represented as possessing

‘that touching excess of sensibility, that tenderness of voice so seductive, so *subsiding* to our hearts, which eminently distinguishes the Italian females, were all in an eminent degree the properties of Isadora of Milan, while born beneath a warm and glowing atmosphere, she largely imbibed from its effects that light and playful vivacity which is to the general mass of creation a charm of exquisite value; but with all the inspiration of

an Italian temperament, her mind appeared to have inhaled the chastity of England's colder clime. In the carriage of her figure there was much of lofty dignity—a dignity that would have awed the speaker, had not her address softened its excess: that address, never haughty, never proudly arrogant, always appearing gratified to have interested, never commanding, but entwining round the heart like the ivy clinging to the elm, as if nature had destined it to the embrace, and that a higher power than mortality decreed man should yield to the instinctive enthralment.

The baroness continued to treat me with that sameness of cold civility which she equally extended to the acquaintance of the day, as the associate of lengthened knowledge; and as it never varied in its degrees to others, I had no reason to be personally mortified at the circumstance. Indeed, the slightest mark of disapprobation was never perceptible, nor an attempt to suppress those attentions I decidedly and involuntarily tendered to her grand daughter; yet there was a revolting sternness in the character of her countenance that created a nameless fear in my bosom, lest she should interfere to prejudice Isadora against me; for with astonishment, apprehension, and grief, I beheld the very evident and unprecedented influence she possessed over the mind of the Milanese, an influence that I could scarcely have believed a mind, firm, strong, energetic, and glowing, as that of the Signora Miartini, would have suffered to maintain such despotic power; yet have I seen a look, a word, unmeaning in its signification to another, yet apparently understood by another, check as if by magic the half-uttered sentence of her young relative. I have seen this superior offspring of Milan anxiously hang on the expression of this woman's countenance, as if to catch a guidance for her conduct in the most trivial actions, yet with this devoted deference, an independence of soul emanated from the eyes, and issued from the lips of my beauteous idol, with a natural eloquence that art could not feign. Ah, no! she had feelings to the most enthusiastic excess, yet was she not the child of Romance in any sense, but she was often the visionary of fanciful delusion, the fanaticism of singular, most extraordinary, yet wonderfully acute sentiments, which dwelt in her bosom. Oh, Isadora Miartini! magnet of resistanceless attraction, what hours of happiness were those enlivened by your presence in the days of early hope! Memory lingers over the blissful moments when all was ecstasy, all was love! You seemed to my admiring view like the radiant glowing sun, which illumines the darker scenes of this to me otherwise gloomy world: you seemed true to the nature of your resembling planet to thaw the encrusted frost which enveloped the mind of your own powers, the flower of affection arose through the melting ice—while a smiling beam played from the executive source, as if in gratified delight it blessed the tender produce.

Isadora always addressed the baroness as "my mother."

These words from her lips had an accent peculiarly plaintive, sensitively tender; with it seemed associated some secret yet melancholy idea. Certain I am, she never pronounced that appellation devoid of a peculiar feeling.

'I could not divest myself of the impression that mystery dwelt nigh the Baroness Hermanstadt.'

Grosvenor at length makes his offers to Isadora of Milan, and is refused with politeness, yet she evinces that he is not indifferent to her. It will be remembered, that the word *mother* is always pronounced by Isadora with peculiar tenderness and effect, which, when joined with the Baroness Hermanstadt's eyes, figure, and peculiar manner, excites a dread, a fearful something, a presage of we know not what, which is excellently kept up. The scene between Isadora and Grosvenor, where she bids him adieu in the words, *native of England farewell for ever*, with the mysterious cross, and the half uttered vow, has every thing about it that a lover of novel reading can desire.

Grosvenor embarks for England and hears of Isadora's marriage with the English Duke of Guilford. Grosvenor is claimed by his father, the fictitious Brownlow, who proves to be a Lord St. Aubin and brother to the Madame de B. who brought up the hero of the tale. The history of each, though very interesting, and well interwoven into the tissue of the story, we must pass over. Grosvenor marries a Miss Vernon, daughter to his maternal friend. And though his enthusiastic passion for Isadora still reigns triumphant in his breast, yet he masters his feelings sufficiently to appear calm and almost happy. Strange circumstances combine to make him believe, that his wife is unfaithful, when Isadora, as *Duchess of Guilford*, makes her appearance in England, and is the blazing comet of fashion. Grosvenor, now Lord St. Aubin, by the death of his father, is again the enslaved, the enthusiastic, and madly impassioned lover. He tries to fly from the presence of Isadora and as often by some unforeseen incident, which is not to be avoided, is impelled again into her society. Yet all is honourable warfare on his part. Till having, as he thinks, convincing proofs of the infidelity of his spouse, he gives himself up to the indulgence of his passion, and parts from his wife. In one of his wild enthusiastic moments of admiration for Isadora, he ventures to hint his unholy wishes, which are rejected with horror. He quits the house of the duke, her husband, where he had been on a visit, and meets in a fatal moment the person whom he had suspected of an unlawful inter-

course with his wife. This man assures him of Lady St. Aubin's innocence; but a duel ensues, and the supposed adulterer, who is known only as the wanderer of the Thuilleries, proves to be the brother of Grosvenor's wife. Stung with remorse, he hastens to his wife with the intention of asking something like a forgiveness from her; but he finds her dead of grief.

It seems that Isadora is the descendant of the noble family of Calderona, in the city of Milan, whose wealthy fortunes settled in a young heiress, by name Eleaser. This lady was seduced by an English gentleman, who thought, by this means, to secure the consent of her haughty father to his marriage. But the father enraged that his daughter should thus tarnish the honour of his house, cruelly casts her off, and the lover finding his plot fail, decamps and leaves the poor victim of error to provide for herself as well as she can. She flies from her native city, and brings into the world a female infant under a wretched hovel that was a covert for cattle. The poor babe was found in the morning, but the mother was dead. This child is brought up by the noble family of the Di Centilles; who name her Rosalba. She also falls a victim to their son Leone, who seduces her by the artifice of a false marriage, and then abandons her with atrocious perfidy. Rosalba is delivered of a daughter; and, being driven to distress, becomes the mistress of a Venetian, by whom she has another female child. But bating life on such disgraceful terms, she retires with her children to a convent, determining to consecrate her daughters to a monastic life. The day however before the momentous ceremony, the eldest elopes with the younger brother of Leone; but, in passing over the Alps, they wandered into a dangerous track and were engulfed in an abyss of those tremendous mountains. The youngest meets with a more awful death; for after taking the veil she becomes also the victim to the arts of an English monk of the name of St. Aubin, and gives birth to this Isadora of Milan. Isadora was secreted by Rosalba; but the unfortunate mother was enclosed between walls as is the custom upon such violation of the vows of celibacy. Rosalba marries the Baron Hermanstadt, keeping her history a secret. She makes Isadora swear upon the cross eternal enmity and revenge against mankind, but most of all, to extend her destructive hate to England's sons. Many are the persons who are made wretched by the witchery of Isadora, and though she loves Grosvenor, afterwards St.

Aubin, she determines to render him miserable. Her marriage with the duke is understood to be a Platonic union; but she at last falls by the arts of a French marquis, who despairing of winning her to his base purposes, executes a scheme which succeeds in making the duke believe she had dishonored him. A divorce is procured and Isadora departs for Leghorn. On her passage she is overtaken in a storm and buried in the waves. Thus ends this intricate but altogether interesting history. It contains a useful but melancholy moral. It particularly exhibits the disastrous effects, attendant on the early, unrestrained indulgence of ardent passion, and an extravagant sensibility, which in maturer years are apt to leave behind them nothing but bitter reflections and unavailing regrets.

ART. XI.—*The Pains of Memory, a Poem in two Books, by Peregrine Bingham.* London Anderson, 1811.

MR. BINGHAM's good sense has spared us the unpleasant task of reading a preface or advertisement, which it is the fashion in these days to place before every silly production, giving many frivolous and absurd reasons why, and wherefore, and how it all came about; that the authors have been prevailed on to favour the public with their wise or foolish lucubrations, making an affected parade of their modesty and timidity, and begging for mercy, candour, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Bingham however appears to be a poet of some worth; and it is with much pleasure that we have perused his little volume on the pains of Memory, in which whatever defects may be found, there are certainly many beautiful passages. The subject which he has chosen, is painfully true: there is, indeed, more pain than pleasure in looking back on days that are past, never to return, on beloved objects buried in the cold and narrow tomb, on slighted affections and all the sad variety of human ills. These things, are what cause memory often, very often to embitter the present moments of life. Memory, at best, is but a fond deceiver, as Mr. Bingham evinces in his pretty little poem. Mr. B. delineates with a skilful hand the influence of memory on guilty minds, and shows in vivid but true colours, that

‘Scenes recalled are woe,

Shame, sorrow, love, new griefs in mem'ry know.’

The poem is divided into two books: the first of which

treats of the 'Effect of memory on minds which are not afflicted with the consciousness of guilt. The second, 'the Effect of memory on guilty minds.'

We were pleased with the following lines, not because we thought them the best in the work, but because they exemplify the pains of memory with that plain truth, which must strike every mind that reads them.

'How oft, in scenes of solitude and night,
The soul will wing to other days her flight,
Unbidden mark some thoughtless hour's disgrace
The failure see, the sneering group retrace,
'Till ridicule recall'd, confusion, shame,
Now fire the cheek with indignation's flame.
How oft, when nature sleeps and silence reigns,
Will sorrow weep at thought recurring pains,
'Trace the sad moment when a spirit fled,
And every virtue of the absent dead!
Who has not heard the bell of midnight toll
Appalling accents to his sickening soul,
Wake up the strings of long forgotten woe,
Divided friends and parting anguish show!
Who has not sigh'd at Time's swift-ebbing stream,
Or moments flow'd of love's delusive dream!'

Mr. Bingham also well describes the exiled Swiss, whom torturing memory, on hearing a celebrated national air played, impels to suicide.

'With wilder'd brain
He flies regardless from the tented plain,
And madly hopes from neighb'ring steep to view
The distant scenes that fancy fondly drew.
In vain he gazes on the boundless sky,
No home in sight; no well-known landmark nigh.
No faithful maid, no greeting friends appear,
But sighs the night-wind in his startled ear.
Then to his troubled brain wide oceans rise,
High barrier mountain, giddy precipice,
Black gathering clouds conceal the cherish'd scene,
And all the gulf of distance yawns between.
Haste! Help, he falls—the aim that scar'd the foe,
Turn'd on himself has laid the conqueror low.'

The simple and pathetic tale of Agnes and Rinaldo is the best part of the poem. We give the following as a specimen of Mr. Bingham's descriptive powers. He appears to improve as he proceeds in this affecting little story.

Bingham's Pains of Memory.

' October's sun shines weak and pale
 Through dazzling baze upon the vale ;
 Along the path curl'd up and sere,
 Meet emblem of the sinking year,
 The frost-nipp'd leaves unnumber'd lie ;
 Unnumber'd streaks the hedges dye,
 Of dusky red, or yellow bright,
 Or wild-hop tendrils flecc'd with white,
 The last pale tint of fading green
 Still lingers on the mellow'd scene,
 While, floating on the midway air,
 Wantons the idle gossamer.
 Upon the high grove's swelling breast
 What mingled hues and shadows rest !
 It seems as though a wizard's wand
 Had wav'd its magic o'er the land,
 As shifted by the passing gale,
 Alternate colouring prevail.'

Mr. Bingham loses nothing of his poetic spirit in describing the effect of memory on guilty minds. The victim of seduction is feelingly, naturally, and, in some parts, beautifully pourtrayed, as well as the horrors of the murderer. The emperor of the French with all his crimes upon his head is not forgotten; he describes him at the feast in the following manner :

'Laughs the gay feast within his glittering halls,
 Ten thousand trophies deck the wond'ring walls,
 According sounds the notes of joy impart,
 Let all be mirth

—What! did the tyrant start?
 Why rolls his wand'ring eye with fitful glance
 Nor heeds the crowded banquet?

Yes! in trance

The fearful groan of Jena's murd'rous plain
 Rose deep and sullen on his troubled brain,
 Where mingled sadly, wounded with the dead,
 Devouring lime on smarting sores o'erspread,
 The writhing heap shriek'd out its useless strife
 As clos'd the tomb on unextinguish'd life.
 Ha! from his cheek the startled life-blood flies,
 Now mounts again, and hues more livid rise.
 That was the howl that burst from Jaffa's vale,
 While murd'rous bands the sinking Turk assail;
 Whose bones unnumber'd, bleaching to the wind,
 In vengeful vision scare his wand'ring mind.
 Then in the still of night his empress bride,
 While yet he sleeps unconscious at her side

Trembles at stifled groans and boding cries
From harass'd spirit that unbidden rise,
As bleeding spectres round his pillow wait,
And poison'd comrades all their wrongs relate.
To blazing theatres, to proud reviews,
To thoughtful council, memory still pursues;
Dark on his musing brow and sallow cheek
Sits care enthroned; triumphant dæmons speak
In frightful accents to his conscious soul,
And hell and horror ev'ry step controul.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Bingham, assuring him we have read this effusion of his muse with much satisfaction, which would probably have been increased if he had written his poem in one uniform measure, instead of intermingling so many diversities of versification.

ART. XII.—*The Elements of Linear Perspective, designed for the Use of Students in the University.* By D. Cresswell, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 66. Deighton, Cambridge. Longman, London, 6s.

THE doctrine of perspective, by which the outlines of objects, as they appear under given circumstances and situations, are delineated upon given surfaces with demonstrable certainty, is a very curious speculation. It is one, among many, of those remarkable exertions of the human mind by which a few propositions of elementary geometry are extended, through an ingenious chain of reasoning, to the investigation of subjects which appear, at the first view, to have no visible connection with that science.

The due preservation of the perspective is so obviously necessary to render the picture a resemblance of the original object, that it may be concluded, perhaps too hastily, that a knowledge of the theory of perspective must be the first requisite to those employed in drawing. It may however be doubted whether a theoretical acquaintance with this art is essential even to an artist.

Perspective affords to the artist nothing more than a mechanical process to assist or correct a draught formed from vision. It was the practice of Gerhard Douw, and probably of others, to call in the aid of mechanical contrivances in painting portraits; but the usage of modern artists seems to be a confirmation of Pilkington's remark

(Dictionary of Painters p. 164) that 'the eye of a good artist seems to be a more competent rule than mechanical assistance.' If this remark be just as applied to portrait painting, it will be difficult to believe that the same correctness of eye, and nicety of execution, which is able to mark and distinguish the delicate and almost indefinable variations of complexion and proportion of features in the human countenance, would not be able to delineate with sufficient accuracy the more obvious differences in the directions and magnitudes of straight lines in a building or a landscape. It may be objected also that the application of perspective rules to the delineation of any object of complex and irregular boundaries, even when all the requisite *data* are obtained, (which sometimes cannot be done, and would frequently be laborious) is so exceedingly complicated and tedious that it cannot reasonably be expected to be often adopted in practice; and is less to be desired, because the representation, in general, can only be imperfectly determined. Considered with reference to such objects as are defined by straight lines, the principles of delineation are so few, and so simple, that they may be perceived with no other aid than that of experience confirmed by attentive observation. Rules for perspective can (generally speaking) be applied only to such parts of a picture as may be most easily effected without them; the human figure, the most important and the most difficult of all subjects upon which the pencil is employed, cannot without very great difficulty be sketched from perspective.

There is however one branch of perspective which appears to be essential to a certain description of artists: we allude to the case in which the delineation is made upon a curved surface as upon a dome. This is a case in which the representation is much more sensibly affected by the position of the point of view than those made upon plane surfaces, and in which the eye, accustomed to delineate upon a plane, cannot unassisted, judge correctly; the perspective principles are also much less obvious, and the execution of them far more difficult. To Francesco Melozzo, who flourished in the fifteenth century is ascribed the merit of having discovered and taught the rules of perspective in paintings on arched roofs; but whether he was enabled to demonstrate his rules upon geometrical principles, or was satisfied merely with the practical results obtained by observation, we are not informed. Those who have since undertaken to teach the doctrine of per-

spective have usually neglected this branch on account of its difficulty, and the complicated constructions it requires. This case has been unnoticed by Mr. Cresswell.

It does not legitimately belong to the province of a review to write a dissertation upon any topic connected with the book under examination upon different principles, or (to speak the language of our present subject) to examine it in a different 'point of view,' from those in which the author has considered it. We shall therefore forbear to pursue our remarks, which are not however we conceive, irrelevant, inasmuch as they have been suggested by the author's preface.

'perhaps no subject, within the whole range of mathematical enquiry, is in itself more attractive. The bare enunciation of the problem, *so to represent an object upon a given surface that the picture and the original shall excite the same sensations*, is sufficient to stimulate the curiosity of a young and ingenious mind. Whether it be considered as a remarkable instance of ingenious speculation, or as forming the basis of correct design, and instructing the judgment of the connoisseur in painting, it comes sufficiently recommended to the man of liberal education. it undoubtedly exhibits so luminous and useful an application of geometry, as to claim the attention of every well educated person; its principles are universally worth knowing.'

If the author was borne out in the assertion that perspective could enable the delineation to excite the same sensation as the original, we should allow it a much larger meed of praise than we are disposed to do: but, unfortunately, he has himself shewn, by an example given expressly for that purpose, 'how very insufficient a mere delineation, however accurate, is to excite the idea of the original object,' page 34. Respecting the necessity of perspective to the forming a correct judgment of pictures, the reflection will readily occur, that to many pictures it will not be in the power of the connoisseur to apply the scale and compasses: and we apprehend that those who aspire to critical judgment in painting will suppose they are sufficiently able to distinguish, from the effect of the figures, any material defect in the perspective. We will not however quarrel with Mr. Cresswell, because he entertains so exalted an opinion of the utility of linear perspective; the partiality of an author for a subject on which he has bestowed much labour and attention, may be readily excused.

Let us not however be understood to condemn the study of this art: the practice of linear perspective is un-

doubtedly useful, if upon no other ground than that the exercise of it will correct the judgment in drawing from nature. There is one class of artists to whom the strict application of its rules is indispensable; we allude to those who are employed in drawing architectural elevations and designs. Nor are we prepared to contend that the theory may not be useful to the artist. Considering this theory as a curious speculation, and an ingenious appendix to the elements of geometry, we have no wish to repress the ardour of those inclined to study it. But our young readers must be cautioned not to undertake the study of theoretical perspective from a too sanguine expectation of the use to which they may apply it, either as a means of improvement in drawing, or as enabling them to decide on the merits of pictures. Sufficient knowledge of this subject may be acquired from the simple and easy machine of Mr. Wood, and from practical treatises, to answer the purposes of the art of painting, which has never in any other respect been considered theoretical. A close observation of nature and of the great masters form perhaps the best study for the artist or the connoisseur in perspective; and to borrow a phrase from this fascinating art, practice must leave theory *in the distance*.

Upon the execution of this work, much comment is not required. The propositions, generally speaking, are correctly and explicitly demonstrated, and the book contains all that is requisite to be known concerning the perspective representation of objects contained under straight lines upon a plane surface. The first section contains the principles of perspective delineation, comprized in thirteen propositions: the next section consists of what the author terms inverse problems, or the methods of ascertaining the situations and magnitudes of the original objects from their perspective representations, and some practical rules and observations are added which may be useful to students.

The third section professes to treat 'on the appearance of pictures when seen from a point which is not their proper point of view.' The manner in which Mr. Cresswell has treated this part of his subject cannot be commended. His object should have been to shew in each case what geometers term the *locus* of the point of view, so that the representations of the same objects may remain the same, and further to prove that any point, not in that *locus*, assumed for the point of view, would give a different representation. This he has not done; for, of five

propositions which he has given in this section, he has investigated in three the conditions under which the representation will remain the same, but has not shewn that the representations taken from any other point of view must be different. In the other two propositions he has attempted nothing further than to prove that the representations of rectangles made from different points of view situated in certain given straight lines will be different. He has in no case shewn the cause or investigated either the quantity or tendency of the variation thus produced. It must strike every observing reader that the demonstration given to prop. 4, page 52, is obscure and unsatisfactory.

The following remarks, concerning the proper mode of fixing pictures, are made by the author as deduced from the propositions contained in the section, although to us, no proposition appears from which they can be inferred.

'If the picture be hung up at too great an height, what was the vanishing line of the horizon, becomes the vanishing line of an inclined plane, and what was intended for the ground will appear an acclivity. This circumstance often gives an absurd appearance to portraits, where the principal figure is represented as in a room, the floor or carpet of which is also a part of the picture. The person drawn seems, in this case, to be in danger of slipping down the inclined plane presented to the eye.

'If, on the contrary, the picture be hung up below the usual height of the eye, what was intended for the ground plane will seem to be a declivity, and to slope from the eye like the side of a mountain seen from its top.

'It is most necessary for the eye to be situated in the true point of view, when the picture is drawn upon an inclined plane, or upon a curved surface. In these cases, lines which are meant to be the copies of objects which we know to be necessarily perpendicular to the horizon, will not appear to represent such originals, unless they be seen from the point assumed by the painter.'

The last part of the work contains two problems, and the construction of several examples, concerning the delineations of shadows upon plane surfaces.

We are glad to see a book in any sense practical issuing from Cambridge. It has been a frequent complaint against this learned body that any mode in which the elements might be applied to practical utility has been discouraged; we have met with even wranglers whom we have wished '*to send to the Basket maker.*' It is proper and becoming the dignity of an English University, and

the character of its students, that theoretical instruction should obtain the chief regard; but it should also be remembered that an occasional application of the Elements to practice may relieve the tediousness of study, and invigorate the desire of learning.

ART. XIII.—*A Defence of the Ancient Faith; or Five Sermons in Proof of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy. London, Faulder.*

Mr. GANDOLPHY's Five Sermons are, 'on the necessity of revelation;' 'on the evidence of a new dispensation;' 'on the evidence of the prophets;' 'on the evidence which events offer for Christianity;' 'on the divinity of Jesus Christ.'—We have not discovered any thing new in the matter of which these discourses consist, nor at all interesting in the manner in which they are treated. We commend, however, the sincerity which the author has manifested in the defence of revelation. But we wish, that Mr. Gandolphy had not, in some instances, suffered his zeal to impair his discretion, or to extinguish his charity. We have always been inclined to look on goodness, as belonging exclusively to no one particular period of, or country in, the world; to no particular people, nor to religionists of any particular denomination. There appear to us to have been, and to be, good men in all ages and countries, and amongst every description of believers. The truth is, that a man's faith is independent of his volition. A man does not believe so much as, or no more than, he wills to believe; for he must believe, whether he will or not, *according to the evidence and his capacity of apprehending it.* The operation of evidence in producing conviction is not optional; it is irresistible in proportion as it is clear to the understanding of the individual. When no opposite propositions are placed before the mind for its assent, it is not optional with the mind to feel a conviction of the truth either of the one or of the other, according to its inclination or caprice. For the conviction is the effect of evidence; and that proposition, which is supported by the strongest evidence, will force its conviction on the mind in spite of every obstacle. The mind may dissemble its conviction, as a man may assert what he knows not to be true; but the conviction will nevertheless be internally felt, and is so far as real as where there

is no dissimulation. A man may shut his eyes to the light, which, if he open them, he must see as long as the visual organ is not impaired.—A man does not see because he wills to see; but his eyes, ears, &c. are acted upon by their proper objects independently of the will. The perceptions of the sight, hearing, &c. do not wait to ask leave of the will to be admitted to the senses; they obtain an entrance without any passport from the faculty of volition. In the same manner, when the evidence of any particular truth is made an object of the attention, the effect is always according to the force of the evidence considered in conjunction with the capacity of the person. The will has no share in the ultimate result. But if belief or disbelief be independent of the will, and the necessary effect of previous circumstances, neither the one nor the other is a proper object of moral approbation or disapprobation, of censure or applause. Much less can any moral turpitude attach either to belief or disbelief, *considered in itself, and independently of other considerations.* A man, who fairly examines the evidence on any particular question, even though it may be the important topic of revelation, is not answerable for the impression which it makes on his mind. It is the intention, which constitutes the essence of crime; and criminality of conduct is, in a moral view, synonymous with criminality of intention. What we do not will to do, we cannot morally be accountable for doing. A mere piece of mechanism might, otherwise, be called accountable, and a stick or a stone might be brought before a court of judicature as objects of punishment. But, we are sorry to remark, that divines in general, in the jargon which they talk about faith, seem to decide without any hesitation, that there is great moral efficacy in an involuntary act, and that a man may 'perish everlastingly' (we use the charitable language of a most charitable creed) for a conviction which was impressed on his mind by the force of evidence, and in which there, consequently, could be no co-operation of his will. The Rev. Peter Gandolphy appears to belong to that class of divines, who think that faith is a spontaneous act, and that a man can, at his option, either believe or disbelieve any dogma which he chooses to propound, however mysterious it may be, and however contradictory the terms in which it is conveyed. And what is more, Mr. Gandolphy plainly tells his auditors, p. 121, that 'they will have faith when they cease to have vice!'

If this had been true, we should not have had any instances of probity and beneficence in the annals of skepticism, nor of insolence and cruelty in those of faith. But search the pages of ecclesiastical history, and see whether vice vanishes as soon as faith appears! Mr. G. did not consider that volition has more power in the formation of virtuous habits, than of doctrinal opinions; and that, while belief is more the effect of necessity, action is the object of choice: that, consequently, the latter is the more proper object of praise, or blame, of reward or punishment.

Mr. Gandolphy talks, in one part of his work, of believing in mysteries which he does not understand! Without staying to examine the nature of this belief in a philosophical point of view, we shall remark, that this is not proper language, as far as it regards a belief in revelation. For we must repeat what we have often repeated before, and what we may often have occasion to repeat again, that a mystery and a revelation are incompatible terms. There may and there must be mysteries in nature, owing to the scantiness of our knowledge and the imperfection of our faculties; but there can be none in revelation; for a revelation, as far as it merits the name, is a gracious accommodation of the divine mind to the imbecility of human apprehension. In his other works, God may, and often does, shroud himself in clouds and darkness; but, in the Christian revelation, light and light only is come into the world. But men, who wish to make a trade of religion, love darkness better than light, or what they call mysteries better than plain and simple truths. What mysteries, however, particular sects still find in the revelation of Christ, are not a divine communication, but the work of human artifice.

It may be argued, that the existence of God is a mystery; and it may be asked, Is it not then an object of belief? We reply, that the existence of God, as a first cause, is not a mystery, but the plainest, simplest, and most universal of all truths. But the *mode* of his existence is a mystery; and therefore is not an object of belief. 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handy work;' they clearly evince that he is, but they do not manifest *how he is, or in what manner he exists*. The latter is beyond our comprehension, and can constitute no necessary part of our belief, though some sects have the folly or the effrontery

to make an implicit faith in their own absurd jargon respecting it, an article of the last importance even to salvation.

To believe is, in our vocabulary, to assent to the truth of any fact or proposition on sufficient evidence. Belief, then, as far as it is the assent of the mind to any credible fact or proposition, or, as far as it is the effect of evidence, and the result of examination, implies clear ideas. But is it possible to have clear ideas of a mystery? Those who contend for mysteries in revelation, and assert the necessity of belief in those mysteries, talk, in fact, as if faith were a state in which the mind was destitute of ideas. This state of mind may, for ought we know, be most congenial to the *saints*; but we, who are no *saints*, have no hesitation in asserting, that a state of mind in which there is a total dearth of ideas and a torpor of all the intellectual faculties, cannot be suited to those who feel it a duty to worship God with the understanding. And we should be glad to be told by the advocates for mystery, how we can, in any other way, worship God in spirit and in truth, as Christ has directed us, but by worshipping him with the understanding?

ART. XIV.—*A Vindication of the Reign of his present Majesty King George III.* London, J. J. Stockdale. 8vo. pp. 90. 3s. 6d.

IT is said in the preface, that it was intended to publish this pamphlet 'on the last jubilee-day, the 25th of October, 1810;' but that the publication was postponed, owing to the domestic misfortunes of the royal family at that time. The author, however, thinks that the present is a very auspicious period for the appearance of such a work. He seems rather doubtful whether the Prince Regent will tread as scrupulously as he could wish in the footsteps of his royal father's political measures; for he tells us, that there are 'some reasons for apprehending' that the Prince may consider 'the policy of his father's reign to have been a mistaken policy,' and may consequently think that a different system would be more for the interest of the community. We confess that we hardly see how the Prince Regent can entertain a different opinion, if his royal highness have, from a very early period of his life, constantly cherished an affectionate regard for the political sentiments of Mr. Fox, and if he

have, as has been reported, carefully instilled a respect for those sentiments into the bosom of his daughter. It is not necessary for us to state what the political sentiments of Mr. Fox were; but it is well known, that, whatever they were, they were generally adverse to the measures which have been pursued in this country for the last fifty years.

In considering this subject, we feel it our duty to pay every tribute of respect to the exemplary domestic virtues of the sovereign; but it is certainly very possible for a man to act very virtuously as the father of a family, and yet sometimes to conduct himself a little injudiciously as the chief of a nation. We do not say that this has been the case; for we may ourselves have formed an erroneous opinion on the subject; but this we do say, that to err is human; and that kings are not more exempted than other men from the imperfections of humanity.

It is the great maxim of this country, that 'the king can do no wrong,' and out of obedience to this rule, it behoves us to consider all the unfortunate measures of half a century, not as the acts of the sovereign but of his ministers. Now we ask, what appears to have been the constant object of all the administrations for the last fifty years, with two or three brief but brilliant exceptions, but to diminish the liberty of the subject and to extend the influence of the crown? Is this vague hypothesis or plain matter of fact? May it not be read in the history of the times, in the progress of taxation, in the multiplication of places and pensions, and in the diffusion of a corrupt influence over the whole surface of the realm? Have virtue and talents been considered in the distribution of public patronage? Or has the preference been given to servility and ignorance? How many literary men have been rewarded with the sweets of competency who did not previously prostitute their talents to some sordid purpose or some factious scheme?

If any system have been pursued by most of the ministers for the last fifty years, which has been directed to the diminution of public liberty and the reduction of every individual to a state of dependence on the crown, would the prince do wisely to make such a system the pattern of his policy or the standard of his imitation? Would he not rather consult his own glory and the happiness of the people, by pursuing a different course, and by choosing ministers who will zealously promote and vigorously execute his patriotic views?

One of the broad features in the physiognomy of the present reign is the American war. In this ill-advised contest, it is not a little curious to find the author of this pamphlet asserting, that '*though the Americans were not wrong, Britain was quite right.*' To whom then does the blame belong? Is the author acquainted with any third party who set the combatants by the ears? We do not mean to write the history of the American war; but if we were, we should say at the conclusion of the whole, that it was begun in the lust of domination, conducted with impotency, prosecuted with obstinacy, and terminated with disgrace.

In what the author says on the French revolutionary war, we have discovered no vigour nor novelty of remark. The same sentiments have been repeated a hundred times by the 'great statesman now no more,' and his numerous *élèves*. The time is not yet come, when it is possible to form a correct and impartial opinion on the subject; or, at least, we are not living in a period, when it can be freely and fully canvassed, when the writer may not only think what he pleases, but speak what he thinks.

The Roman Catholic question is a distinguishing trait in the events of the present reign. In this, as in all other respects, the author thinks, that his majesty's ministers have 'acted rightly.' We do not understand what 'rightly' means in the vocabulary of the author; but if it include the idea of honesty and of truth, we ask whether it were consistent with the truth and honesty of statesmen to make promises of emancipation to the Catholics, and then to frustrate their expectations? The conduct of ministers towards Ireland has, throughout, been of that weak and vacillating kind which marks men of little and contracted views, whose policy is directed rather by present exigencies and fugitive expedients, than by enlarged and comprehensive minds, which are instructed by the past, while they provide for the present and look forward to the future. The prince regent will, we trust, find ministers who merit this high praise, and who will know how to steer the vessel of the state through the present storm, without the necessity of recurring for a guide to the delusive lights, which are held up by the author of the present '*Vindication.*'

ART. XV.—*Poems, by William Robert Spencer.* London, Cadell and Davis, 8vo. p. 240.

IN the publication which now lies before us, the poems of *Leonora* and the *Year of Sorrow*, have long since been

submitted to the eye of criticism, and have received their just award of approbation. If some portion of failure in the execution still rests upon our memory, we recur with more pleasure and delight to those reflections which attach themselves irresistibly to the many bold and soothing passages with which they abound, and which variously display the energies and feeling touches of a master's hand. Indeed, these reflections naturally lead us to wish, that the present publication had dispensed with some of its less interesting and less valuable furniture, and that its place had been supplied with materials less showy, but of higher estimation, and with such ornaments as the hand of time impairs not, but improves.

In the present dearth of poetical genius, and the fanciful application of its powers, we must regret the ballad-sonnet, stanza-mania of those authors who, by the strength of their natural faculties, the literary treasures of their minds, and a taste refined by nice discrimination and pure judgment, seem born to rise to higher flights, and to assume as their professed principle, '*penna non tenui ferar.*' Rigid critics, it may be said, are more alert in exploring the defects and beauties of poetical composition, than the charms of female loveliness, and having been more exposed to the repulsive frowns than alluring smiles of the fair, have never felt the enthusiastic fervour which, kindled in the young poet's brain, bursts forth at last into brilliant coruscations of fancy to play around, and to adorn, with every character of peerless excellence, the idol of his adoration. However we may feel disposed to submit with patience and philosophy to such insinuations, we must still maintain our right to censure the misapplication of powerful talents to inferior purposes, and though in the sequel and by quotations from our author, we shall prove; that very few bards, if any, among the numerous trifles which he has composed, could have exceeded him in neatness, terseness of phrase, harmony of verse, or point in application. Still, from this very proof, must arise a conviction, that from the subjects he has chosen, and the contracted space in which he has condemned himself to move, he has checked all bolder flight, and descending from what is general to what is particular,

'*Affligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*'

But we shall now present to our readers some selection from this miscellany of sufficient character and excellence to warrant the opinions we have formed of their author and

of his poetical ability. Combining, as we do, with these opinions, the earnest expectation, that he will cease, for a time at least, to attach by his wit, and captivate by compliment the few that he may flow with a more expansive tide of song, and whilst he extends his own fame, secure to himself the interest and applause of *all*.

‘DEDICATION TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

‘ On beauty’s smiles for *selfish gain*
 The bard is ever an encroacher,
 Aware that happiest flows his vein,
 When most permitted to approach her.
 ‘ When first the lark the morn adores,
 His strain is weak, his voice uneven,
 But still improving as he soars,
 He sweetest sings, when nearest heav’n.
 ‘ Ere yet with manhood’s vain desire,
 My vows for fortune’s gifts I breath’d,
 Fancy bestowed a play thing—lyre
 With roses and with cypress wreath’d.
 ‘ Dearly I priz’d the tuneful toy,
 Nor could my fond ear ascertain,
 If most I lov’d its notes of joy,
 Or sweeter thought its plaintive strain!
 ‘ Whene’er my novice hand presum’d
 To wake the chords of grief or glee,
 The cypress gloom’d, the roses bloom’d,
 And all was tears or smiles for me.
 ‘ Neglected long, I lately tried
 This charmer of my infant days,
 Alas! each gay sound it denied,
 And murmur’d only mournful lays.
 ‘ Too soon I found the cause: my eyes
 Upon its lessen’d garland casting—
 E’en fancy’s rose deciduous dies,
 Why is her cypress everlasting?’

No one caught with the love of poesy will read these lines without emotion. The cast of thought, the softened melody of the verse pre-eminent throughout the whole; with the exception of *even* and *heav’n* in the second stanza, is peculiarly pleasing, and the melancholy hue and complexion of the conclusion, with the spirited, abrupt, but tender interrogation of the last line, has a charm more easily felt and acknowledged, than defined; and *murmured only mournful lays*, may be considered as a fair

parody of Anacreon's *Ερωτα μνον αδει*, and it most happily furnishes the place it occupies. If gaiety and sprightly love gave its most fascinating charm to the lyre of the Grecian bard, we may distinctly affirm, that our author's muse, by its soothing turn of melancholy, which seems its chief, though not its sole characteristic, can soften the heart, interest its passions, and make even sorrow pleasing. Let us draw the attention of our readers to a passage extracted from the Year of Sorrow, p. 53, of the present edition. They were applied to Lady Harriet Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn, who was shortly to have been married to the Marquis of Waterford, Earl of Tyrone.

'Tis past—and thou hast struck, disastrous year!

Thy master-stroke of desolation here—

'Tis past—young fair, and faultless Harriet dies,

Lovely in youthful death the slumberer lies,

Still hope and peace her gentle features speak,

Life's farewell smile still lights her fading cheek,

Soft was the voice, which call'd her spirit hence,

Death wore no shape to scare her parting sense,

A white-rob'd messenger of light he seem'd,

His looks with smiles of heav'nly promise beam'd,

Skyward were spread his wings of feathery snow,

And lilies wreath'd his alabaster brow.

Stanmore through all her joy-deserted seats

No lamentation hears, no sigh repeats,

Silent like thee, whose virgin bier they dress,

Silent like thee, whose pale-rose lips they press,

Thy mourners speak no grief, no dirge prepare,

Thy dirge is silence, and their grief despair.'

The picture of death is here drawn with ability and taste. All his asperities are softened, devoid of terrors, he assumes an angel's shape, a white-rob'd messenger of light, whose smiles beam with the promise of joys to come. It were perhaps unnecessary to mark the four last lines of this quotation, which, in beauty, in sentiment, and compression, will rarely be exceeded.

In the following plaintive stanzas there is originality of thought blended with much tenderness of language :

TO MISS

' Moravians their minstrelsy bring,

The death-bed with music to smooth,

So you, lovely comforter, sing,

My pangs of departure to sooth.

- ' You sing—but my *silent adieu*,
 A sorrow still keener will prove;
 You lose but *one friend who loves you*,
 How many I lose, whom I love!
- ' When we go from each pleasure refin'd,
 Which the sense, or the soul can receive,
 With no hope in our wand'rings to find
 One ray of the sunshine we leave.
- ' *An adieu should in utterance die,*
Or if written but faintly appear,
Only heard through the burst of a sigh,
Only read through the blot of a tear.'

In the Sybilline verses, fancifully so called, the stanza addressed to Lady Crewe is a neat and pointed epigram.

TO LADY CREWE.

- ' What! has that angel face receiv'd
 No hurt? has time forgot his duty?
 Poor Time! like mortals you're deceiv'd,
 It is not youth—'tis *only beauty*.'

We will not detract from the merit of this trifle, whilst we remind our author of the old epigram written on the performance of Lear at both houses, by Garrick and Barry; where the affected depretiation of excellence is stamped in the same mould.

- ' The town's divided different ways
 Between the different Lears;
 To Barry they give loud huzzas,
 To Garrick *only tears*.'

The ballad on Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound, has been printed before if we are not misinformed; the story is well told, and in that easy familiar style of ballad verse, which aiming at no high pretensions, must rest satisfied with bays of less verdure and expansion, well adapted to the brows of the sing-song fraternity, whom the giant Johnson in the plenitude of his spleen has laid prostrate by that impromptu, which marked his contempt for the composers in the facility of their composition. We could willingly entertain our readers with *Good-Bye* and *How-d'y do*, which is happily conceived, and executed in a very sportive playful manner; but having other objects in view, we are eager to present them with a description of the Viscountess Villiers, now Countess of Jersey.

' Two eyebrows of such coal-black dyes,
 They look like fuel for her eyes,
 But nature took such pains to tinge 'em,
 Said eyes have not the heart to singe 'em,
 Item—two eyes from which you find,
 What angel partners share her mind;
 All reading them the firm may know,
 Wit, Feeling, Fancy, Love, and Co.;
 Item—two cheeks so soft and fair,
 Who'd think such danger harbour'd there?
 But on *those blush-rose cushions* spread
 With down from Cytherea's bed,
 Two sentry Cupids ever stand,
 The sharpest shooters of their band!
 Item—two lips, some rhyming booby,
 Would liken them to rose or ruby;
 But nature thought no common stuff
 Of flow'r or gem was rich enough;
 She stole to make them, (Heav'n protect her)
 Love's *coral play-thing dipp'd in nectar!*
 Item—those lips with pearls are lin'd;
 Not such as Caspian divers find;
They from some weeping cherub eye,
 ('Tis said that cherub's sometimes cry)
Dropp'd, when he saw, at Sarah's birth,
A lovelier cherub born on earth!
 But, oh beware! (the coral theft
 Is yet without reprisal left)
Lest Venus, charm'd with gems so speckless,
Steel the white wonders for her necklace!
 Item—but truth says, 'no invention,'
 God knows what two you next would mention;
 All hitherto you've fairly stated,
 At least you've nothing over-rated—
 But check your muse's saucy tongue,
 And unseen beauties leave unsung.'

These lines are evidently written *con amore*, and no bard has more happily exhausted his quiver of compliments, or more successfully attained his end: far be it from us to insinuate, that any feature has been *over-rated*; we have the poet's age, and the painter's affirmation to the contrary. And here both characters are happily combined; but we also venture to affirm, judging from such mortal beauties as pass day after day in review before us, that however just the delineation of feature, and true the colouring, the resemblance will daily become fainter, and the son or grandson at least of this beauty, who shall read these highly polished lines, comparing 'the blush-rose

cushions' of description, with the time worn, and faded beauties of old age will admire the muse's fancy and extol its wit; but we lament that it should have elevated female vanity at the expence of truth, and have combined its powers rather to impair, than to improve the understanding. It is nevertheless just to our bard to remark, that a memento to this purpose is thrown out in the song which follows, viz. 'Times hand which wrinkles every face.'

Amongst the numerous minor effusions of Mr. Spencer, consisting of prologues, epilogues, epitaphs, &c. we cannot help noticing a very animated translation of a chorus from the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripedes, which was composed as a school-exercise when the author was at Harrow, and before he was fifteen years of age. Our limits will not permit us to quote this juvenile production; but we must say that it gave a promise of future poetical excellence, which we trust that Mr. Spencer will still realize by some work which will immortalize his name. Hitherto he has been rather toying with airy playfulness round the skirts of Parnassus, than making any grand and vigorous effort to ascend the top. His present volume contains many frivolous ditties, and evanescent trifles which may and will delight the loungers on his couch, or the lady at her toilette, but which, at the same time, are likely to be forgotten with the fashion and courtesy of the present generation. We are truly anxious that Mr. Spencer, instead of wasting his talents in forming a bouquet of beautiful but fugitive flowers, should weave some wreath of more lasting materials, which may excite not only temporary admiration, but procure unfading renown.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*A Defence of a Critique on the Hebrew word 'NACHASH,' in answer to some Observations made in the Sixth Number of the Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Journal. By Dr. Adam Clarke, in which it is proved, from the Hebrew Text, and the Oriental Languages, that a Serpent, not an Ape, deceived Eve. By D. G. Wait. London, Sherwood, 1811.*

WE lately noticed Mr. Bellamy's 'Ophion,' in which we stated the singular opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke, respecting the

serpent which tempted Eve. We have no inclination to enter farther into the subject, as we consider it to be a mere philological question of little interest to the general reader. But at the same time we must say that the present pamphlet reflects great honour on the various erudition of Mr. Wait. The learning which he displays will delight the scholar, and the conclusion which he supports, will please those who do not wish to have the old opinion disturbed that a serpent was the tempter of Eve, and the consequent author of the fall. There are some persons, who have thought that the first chapters in Genesis are a mere allegory. Dr. Geddes, we believe, for we have not his Bible at hand, supposed the history of the creation to be a sort of *mythos*, or apologue invented on purpose to give more solemnity to the moral institution of the Sabbath. With respect to the circumstances of the temptation, we are acquainted with some who think that they were copied, as accurately as possible, from hieroglyphical, into common language. This they think accounts for the important part which the serpent performs in the catastrophe of the fall. We do not ourselves wish at all to innovate on the common hypothesis on the subject; and therefore we leave the question to the discussion of those learned theologians, who think it more connected than we do, with the essentials of belief.

Before we conclude this article, we must remark that the typographical execution of the work is very creditable to Mr. Valpy. Mr. V. has provided himself with fonts of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and other oriental characters, which are remarkably distinct and clear.

ART. 17.—*School of Instruction; a Present or Reward to those Girls who have left their Sunday School with Improvement and a good Character. By a Lady. Second Edition.* London, Ryan.

THIS good lady says that she has employed herself 'in teaching female children in a Sunday school, more than fourteen years:' and that she is now 'seventy-four years old.' These circumstances entitle her to much respect from us; and we should be very sorry either to depreciate her services, or to offend her age. Her Sunday instructions, which are contained in this work, evince her praiseworthy solicitude to improve the morals of the rising generation, and to impress the necessity of good habits in the juvenile part of the female poor, in whom it must be of inestimable advantage to the whole mass of society to establish the great virtues of truth, probity, sobriety, and cleanliness. How much is the character of persons even in the highest stations, in the power of female domestics, particularly at that period, when there is the greatest susceptibility of impressions, and when impressions are continually making, which though they seem too faint and minute to be observed, gradually extend their influence to the mind and heart, and constitute the

basis of the future character? The direction which is given to the sapling, is retained when it becomes a tree. It may seem ridiculous to suppose, that the character of a man is at all in the power of his nurse; but is not this often the case?

ART. 18.—*A Sermon, preached at the Tron Church of Edinburgh, May 17th, 1811, before the Society incorporated by Royal Charter for the Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy of the established Church of Scotland. By Thomas Somerville, D. D. F. R. S. E. One of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary and Minister of Jedburgh. Published by desire of the Society. To which is added, an Account of the Objects and Constitution of the Society. Edinburgh, Creech, 1811.*

THIS is an animated and sensible discourse. The sermons of the Scotch clergy are, we believe, in general, less affected by the fashionable cant of the times than those which issue from the press south of the Tweed. This cant is gradually insinuating itself into every part of our national literature. Several even of our late novels have been largely imbued with it; and it threatens to substitute a sort of whining hypocrisy for frank and downright virtue throughout the land.

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*Considerations on the present State of Bank Notes, Specie, and Bullion, in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Right Honourable ———. In two Parts. By Mercator. London, Arnot, 1811, 8vo. 2s.*

THIS thin pamphlet contains more sensible remarks than are to be found in several works of much greater bulk, which have been published on the important question, which, originating in the report of the bullion committee, has been warmly discussed from one end of the kingdom to the other. Mercator proposes two expedients as the means of preventing the continual diminution of our precious metals and the like increase of our paper currency. These are, briefly to stop the exportation of gold, except for the purposes of government, by subjecting it to a duty equal to the price it bears in the market, above £4 per oz.; and secondly, to prevent our own coin from being withdrawn from circulation by raising the value of it somewhat above the price of bullion in the market. The latter expedient might in one respect answer the purpose, but would it not only more rapidly accelerate, while it would strikingly exemplify the depreciation of bank notes? And besides, is not the evil beyond the reach of expedients? Mercator very properly combats an assertion which was made in one of the debates on Lord Stanhope's bill, 'that it is the royal impression upon our coin which gives it currency, and might be as efficaciously applied to Paper, Lead, Leather, or any other substance of no comparative intrinsic

value.' This doctrine would be much better suited to the genius of a despotic government than to that of a free constitution. Under an arbitrary government, the despot may do any thing or every thing; and may cause the sole of an old shoe to pass for a piece of fine gold; but under a free government, where the volitions of the monarch are subordinate to the law, the first magistrate cannot make such a mockery of his image and superscription. 'The royal impression upon our coin,' says Mercator, 'is the *sign* of real value,' and therefore our laws 'have made it death to counterfeit that sign.' It matters not, indeed, what signs or tokens of money government may issue, as long as the sign can at any time be exchanged for the thing signified. Whether it be a piece of paper, or a piece of leather or a piece of wood, it is of little consequence, *as long as it is convertible into gold*. We do not regard the *intrinsic* value of the sign, when we can, at our option, obtain for it the intrinsic value which it represents. But when the sign is forcibly made to pass for the thing signified, for which it cannot be exchanged, then depreciation must take place in proportion to the difficulty of exchanging the sign for the precious metals which it professes to represent. The royal impression cannot alter the nature of things. It cannot convert a stone into a loaf of bread. Nor can it by any process of state-alchemy convert a ream of spungy paper into a bar of gold. Within the last twenty years, we have often heard a savage outcry against innovation, but what innovation can be more perilous than that which attempts to annihilate that Standard of Value which for ages has constituted the principle of commercial exchange between man and man?

POETRY.

ART. 20—*The Battles of the Danube and Barrosa*. London, Murray, 1811.

THE Battles of the Danube and Barrosa are inscribed with all proper respect to John Wilson Croker, Esq. M. P. secretary to the Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. Whatever dignity may be derived to the work from such inscription, we are compelled to think, that the first few lines of these pages, called poems, are not only very unfortunate, but give strong indications of the nonsense that follows.

'Spirit of the north! whose hoary head
Lies pillow'd on the snow,
Whose stormy voice, so loud and dread,
Is heard in southern climes below.'

It appears, that this gentleman finding he can make head and dread, past and blast, more and shore, chime together, without much study on his part, has taken it into his head that he has a genius for poetry. We hope he will not be distressed, but we

must beg leave to inform him, we find not any thing which can justly be called poetry in these battles of the Danube and Barrosa. Our author is profuse in his invocations of Mr. Henry Kirk White, of Mr. Campbell, and of all the birds in the air. Mr. Croker too is desired to tune up his pipes in the following lines.

‘ Then Croker, seize the vaulted lyre,
And glowing with the warriors fire,
Record the tumult dark and dire
That round Barrosa rung.’

The secretary of the Admiralty glowing with the warriors fire! We know not what sort of a song Mr. Croker might have made of it, had he complied with the desire of the author, and ‘ seized the vaulted lyre ;’ he might have succeeded better perhaps, had he left ‘ the vaulted lyre’ alone, and

‘ With a withering look
The war denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne’er prophetic sounds so full of woe.’

Mr. Croker seems to us to have as much upon his hands to do at the Admiralty as his capacity is equal to, without being called out in this merciless manner to aid his friend in describing the battles of the Danube and Barrosa. We would advise our author to let Mr. Croker follow unmolested his present lucrative employment, which is much more to his taste than courting the muses. For, though Mr. Croker has shewn the world how very *au fait* he has been in courting ministers, he will find the muses, we believe, more coy and more fastidious to win to his interest than Messrs. Perceval and Co. But this author of our’s requires a deal of help, for he not only enlists Mr. Croker, but more than once calls on the ghost of Mr. Henry Kirk White to lend a hand. This latter gentleman is desired also to ‘ bend from his starry throne,’ and ‘ fire’ our author. He calls all the spirits of the north, the south, the east, and the west, and then regrets, that with the aid of all those gentry, he is not able to equal Mr. Campbell, who, he says, is

‘ Often heard to sing
At midnight, on the *mountain wave*!’

Now this is a propensity of Mr. Campbell’s, of which we own, that we were entirely ignorant ; but we will not fail to recollect this curious resting place of the Scotch poets. Singing ‘ on the *mountain wave*!’ very well! there is no accounting for taste, no more than for the spirit of the north *pillowing his head on the snow*, or Mr. Croker *seizing the vaulted lyre*, or any other fantastic and absurd freak, of which we may live to hear the older we grow. Our author says, in his advertisement, that he has been particularly attentive to the facts related in the various official

papers, and he has accordingly given us in his *own peculiar way* the different charges of rank and file, by cavalry and by the bayonet, the clang of arms, the trampling of horse's hoofs, 'the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.'

ART. 21.—*Squibs and Crackers, serious, comical, and tender. By Jasper Smallshot. London, Harding, 1812, price 7s.*

IF beautiful paper, clear letter, and superfine ink, be sufficient recommendation to sell a book, the author of *Squibs and Crackers* may be excused for the affront he has put on the understanding of the public, by the volume he now presents to their notice. We will just give a specimen of its contents, and leave the reader to determine, according to his own taste, whether the rest is worthy any further attention.

‘LADY PALFREY.

‘*Sal Walker* was a widow left,
Her husband suited not her,
She chose to go a merrier pace,
—So married—*Mr. Trotter.*’

This elegant *morceau* swims at large in a wire-wove and hot-pressed page, as does the following.

‘QUAND ‘UN ET UNE.’

‘*Can One and One* in love resolve
To make but *Two*,—no fears involve,
Their gentle hearts desire?—
But if too prone to gallantry,
This *One and One* should cook up *Three*
The fat is in the fire.’

ART. 22.—*Translations from Ancient Irish Manuscripts, and other Poems. By James Martin. London, Sherwood, 1811.*

THE Translations from Ancient Irish Manuscripts are four in number. Their great want is the want of interest; and as the end of poetry is to please, this is a defect which is hardly susceptible of compensation. The other poems are of a mixed kind, both serious and jocose. We cannot say much in their favour. They cause us neither to weep nor to laugh; and, if they do make any particular impression, it is rather of the soporific kind. Mr. Martin's diction is sometimes stiff and affected. Thus:

‘While one rich universal sheen
Pours joyousness o'er all the scene,’

‘The hills with purple panoply,
Are richly crown'd,’ * * *

* * * and given

‘To man the anticipation of heaven.’

Some of Mr. Martin's poems cannot boast a plurality of ideas. The following may serve as a sample, which we produce, because it does not occupy much space; but there is still more space than is filled by sense.

‘TO MEMORY.

‘Thou, memory, art a busy thing;
And many a joy, and many a sorrow
Thou dost in quick succession bring,
But memory, canst thou bring to-morrow?
‘Thou to the incautious bard canst say,
“Thou’st let time pass, and time’s a treasure;”
But memory canst thou o’er to-day
The fair beam shed of coming pleasure?
‘No memory, thou canst only scold,
And scolded I’m enough already;
So memory, when my blood grows cold,
To thee I’ll listen, and be steady.
‘Meanwhile to fancy, goddess bright,
I bow, and own that she can please me;
She pours around me floods of light,
Whilst thou, dark memory, dost but tease me.’

In ‘The Viceroy’s Festival,’ and some of the other pieces, the author has attempted to be facetious; and we are very sorry that we cannot compliment him on the success of his efforts to promote merriment. His intentions are, we have no doubt, very good; but intention cannot supply the want of capacity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Cicero de Senectute et de amicitia, from the Text of Ernesti, with all his Notes, and Citations from his Index Latinitatis Ciceronianæ, with the Explanations of various Passages from Gesner’s Latin Thesaurus, and from Books of more recent Date, as well as Grævius, and all the Commentators cited by him; with Quotations from Palaiet’s Latin Ellipses, and much Original Matter, both critical and explanatory; Facciolati’s Notes: and a New Collation is added. And an Appendix, in which will be found, Remarks on the Origin of the Latin Conjunctions and Prepositions; also some curious Matter on the Affinity of different Languages, Oriental and Northern, to the Latin; including Two Essays on the Origin, and the Extinction of the Latin Tongue, communicated to the Author by the Rev. D. Patrick, Vicar of Sculcoates. Hull. By E. H. Barker, of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, Longman, 12mo.*

THE title-page, which we have just quoted, contains such an ample advertisement of what is to be found in the work, that it will spare us the trouble of enumerating the contents: Where we have such a copious title, we have seldom found any thing to correspond with it in the book itself, or to answer the expecta-

tions which it is designed to excite. In the present instance, however, though the title-page promises much, it does not promise more than the book really performs. It is indeed a publication which contains multum in parvo; and the classical student will find in it no small store of useful philological erudition. We have been much pleased both with Mr. Barker's critical annotations, and with Mr. Patrick's learned essays.

ART. 24.—*Elegantia Latinæ; or, Rules and Exercises illustrative of elegant Latin style: intended for the Use of the middle and higher classes of Grammar Schools. Third edition, considerably improved and made easier.* London, Valpy, 1811.

THE learned author of this excellent guide to the composition of good Latin, has made some corrections and alterations in the present edition, which are likely to render it more easy and perspicuous than the preceding. He who has made himself perfect master of these exercises, will have obtained no small proficiency in Latin style.

ART. 25.—*Trial between the Governess of a Lady's Boarding School, and the Mother of a Pupil committed to her Charge; with Hints at the Rev. B. Carpenter's late Vision.* London, Longman, 1811.

THIS work is ingeniously conceived, and the arguments on both sides are managed with ability and skill. A mother brings an action against a school-mistress for instructing her daughter in music and other elegant and scientific accomplishments, to the neglect of those branches of household lore in which she wished her to be a proficient. After the harrangues of the counsel and the summing up of the Judge, a verdict of NOT GUILTY is pronounced in favour of the schoolmistress.

ART. 26.—*Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sumbel, late Wells, of the Theatres-royal, Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and Haymarket, 3 Vols. written by herself. Including her Correspondence with Major Topham, Mr. Reynolds the Dramatist, &c. &c. &c.* London, Chapple, 1811, price one Guinea.

THESE memoirs furnish us with another melancholy instance of the vicissitudes of theatrical life. This unfortunate lady was long a favourite with the public, and very deservedly so, for she possessed much comic genius, and will be remembered as long as the Agreeable Surprize, the afterpiece of the Fool, the Midnight Hour, and the Comedy of the Dramatist keep their station on the Stage. Mrs. Wells was always very deservedly admired in the characters of Jane Shore, and of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage. In the latter instance the town was much divided; and very many, who so ardently admired our inimitable Melpomene, could not help giving a preference to Mrs. Wells in her representation of this character. Her countenance was so well adapted to Isabella's distresses; it was so soft, so pensive, so engagingly beautiful, that however she may have fallen short of the

excellences of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella, you could not help dwelling with interest and pleasure on the lovely representative in Mrs. Wells. These memoirs shew Mrs. Wells, just as she always was, very giddy, very indiscreet, and an enemy only to her own interest. It is an awful lesson to all young women who enter on a theatric career, particularly where they possess beauty, for without prudence, and *very rigid prudence* too, it proves a lure to folly and dissipation, which involve them in difficulties and miseries, from which they can never extricate themselves. We are far from imputing deliberate vice to the unhappy subject of these memoirs. 'Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water'. Let Mrs. Wells's good actions live in brass; we wish not to record those which do not reflect honour upon herself: she is at present unfortunate and unhappy; she is in indigence, a pensioner on the theatrical fund, going down the hill of life, unattended by those essential blessings which make the evening of our days either comfortable or respectable: she is a forsaken and a lonely woman, looking back with regret on the days which she passed in frivolity, and extravagance; and anticipating the future with the sad forebodings of penury and want.

It will be recollected that the lovely *Cowslip* was, for many years, the *chere amie* of major Topham of *whisker notoriety*. By this honourable gentleman she became the mother of four children. After suffering desertion from the father of these children she, when immured in durance vile though 'unhappy was the clock that struck the hour,' and 'accurs'd the mansion where' gave her fair hand to one Mr. Sumbel, a Moorish Jew. Our readers will agree with us that a marriage in the Fleet prison did not promise any thing very delightful. However *poor Becky* did what she thought for the best, and simply hoped, that by lighting the torch of hymen, her present troubles would be dissipated, without considering what other troubles she might entail upon herself by a connection with the Moor: and a Moor he was too of no *very mild faculties*. He was moody, irascible, jealous, mean and despicable. The history which *poor Becky* gives of her Moor is very curious, and truly comic. This is the most interesting part of Mrs. Well's memoirs. During a vexatious but laughable dispute with the Moor and his fair and pretty *Cowslip*, a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman of the name of Ray, interfered in favour of our authoress; and on Mr. Sumbel's, the Moor, exclaiming in his ire, 'I wish I had her in my own country.' Miss Ray answered rather saucily, 'I did not know that gentlemen of your persuasion had any country.' This was an affront, never to be forgot;—and to be revenged at any expence. On Mrs. Wells's quitting the Moor, (for Mrs. Wells we call her) Mr. Sumbel asserting that he had divorced her, made love to Miss Ray; and as he had much of the good things of life, with the addition of a quantity of diamonds

and jewels of every description, he met with a favourable reception. Mr. Sumbel arranged every thing for his nuptials with Miss Ray, and brought his intended bride and her father up to his Town house, which he had taken on purpose and furnished in high style. One morning he introduced Mrs. Sumbel, the heroine of these memoirs, again to his house, who was surprised to see the side-board of plate so finely arranged, but she was much more astounded when Miss Ray entered the breakfast room. To Miss Ray the Moor advanced and addressed her in the following impetuous manner:

'My God, madam! you are not glad to see my wife!' — "Your wife, sir!" cried Miss Ray with emotion: "I thought you had been divorced from her!" — Her agitation at the moment is beyond description; when my husband, looking at me with an arch smile, seemed to exult in the wounded feelings of the unfortunate lady.'

'To complete the *dénouement* of the piece, her aged father came into the room, with locks as white as snow, and his aged back receiving from time that curve which human art cannot prevent. — "Give me leave," said my husband, "to introduce Mrs. Sumbel to you, sir." I felt for the old gentleman; he fetched a deep groan, seated himself by the fire, rubbed his knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, child! how came you thus to deceive your poor old father?"'

'Breakfast was at length brought in; and Mr. Sumbel, with a great deal of irony, pressed Miss Ray to eat some toast; which she declining, he at length said to her — "Miss Ray, as you have a country to go to, I recommend your setting off for it as soon as possible!"'

'Thus did he put himself to an immense expence and trouble, to be revenged on her for her former expression. The consequence was finding herself so disappointed, she went down to Northamptonshire, became insane, and shortly after died.'

We give this as a curious specimen of the spirit of revenge in a Moorish breast.

ART. 27.—*Sketches towards a Hortus Botanicus Americanus; or coloured Plates of many new and valuable Plants of the West Indies and North and South America. To which is annexed, a Catalogue of the Plants (and of many others, Natives of Africa and the East Indies, which have been, or might be introduced with advantage into the West Indies.) With Concise and Familiar Descriptions of many Species, shewing their various common and botanical Names, Places of Growth, Medical Virtues, or General Uses, their Classes and Orders. Arranged after the Linnæan System, Also, a Concise yet comprehensive Glossary of Terms, prefixed, and a General Index. By W. J. Titford, M. D. Corresponding Member of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. London, Sherwood, 1811.*

Mr. Titford was induced to undertake the present publication from the scarcity of books treating of the West Indian plants.

The present collection of plants was made by Mr. Titford, and arranged by him with much care and accuracy. He had opportunities also of procuring from negro doctors in Jamaica, and from the Indians in North America, such information as is likely to prove highly curious and useful. This work was compiled abroad, in which Mr. Titford very modestly says, that, from his various avocations, some errors will be found; but he submits his collections to the public just as they were brought over from the West Indies. Of whatever defect Mr. Titford may be sensible, we own ourselves to be most highly gratified by the specimen now before us. It is arranged with great nicety and perspicuity; and will no doubt prove a most useful elementary work. Though it is brief, it is sufficiently comprehensive. There is a reference to the plates, which give a just idea of the several parts of fructification, with the shape of the leaves, &c. by which all long and puzzling definitions are avoided. There is also a glossary of the terms used in describing plants. The work proceeds with a few observations on the character and habits of trees, their various classes, illustrated by some very pretty coloured and well-executed plates, with an accurate description of the various seeds and pericarps, with their classes and orders after the Linnæan system, but compressed into as short a compass as possible; and we can accordingly recommend the present as a most excellent work for persons learning botany. We are not acquainted with any publication of this kind, which is more usefully or more agreeably arranged, without any of that unnecessary ostentation of a technical phraseology, which is the means only of puzzling the learner, and making what would be highly pleasant and instructive, a dry and difficult study.

The present is the first number of this pleasing performance, and it will be completed in six only. We shall not be inattentive to the other numbers, when they come out, as, from the specimen before us, we have little doubt that they will be well worthy the notice of the botanical student, as well as of the practical florist. The work is published by subscription; and the expense is trifling when we consider the beauty of the plates and the trouble of arranging a work of this kind. The price to subscribers is ten shillings and sixpence; to non-subscribers twelve shillings.

ART. 28.—*English Exercises for teaching Grammatical Composition on a new Principle.* By John Fenwick: London, Sherwood. 12mo. 1811.

THIS work may answer the purpose as well as many others of the same kind; but we cannot say that it appears to us to have any claims to preference. We have not been able to discover what the *new principle* is to which Mr. Fenwick lays claim in his title-page. Mr. Fenwick says in his preface, that

'you are to employ the *understanding* of the child *first*, in order of time, and the *memory* only *second*.' But does not a wise instructor consider children as the creatures of habit, and does he not accustom them to do many things before they can possibly understand what are the reasons on which his injunctions are grounded? Do not, at the same time, children learn many things, and useful things too, by rote, before they can accurately comprehend what they mean? The learning of a language is, at first, almost entirely an affair of memory; and children must have reached a considerable maturity of understanding before they are capable of comprehending the philosophical reasons of grammatical rules. The memory is that faculty which is most improveable in children, and on the improvement of which most pains ought to be bestowed. Must not the attempt to render children good by habit precede that to keep them in the right path by the aid of the understanding?

ART. 29.—*The Æsculapian Monitor; or, Faithful Guide to the History of the Human Species, and most important Branches of Medical Philosophy; combined with Moral Reflections and enforced by Religious Precepts. By the Rev. Edward Barry, M. D. Rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford. London, Longman. 8vo. 1811.*

THE use of such a work as the present appears to be superseded by the common medical guides. The remarks of Dr. Barry contain nothing new; and his directions with respect to the treatment of particular diseases, are not sufficiently specific or distinct for much practical benefit. The work, we fear, promises more than it performs; the 'history of the human species,' to which the author, in his title-page, professes to be a *faithful guide*, seems to be omitted by mistake; for we cannot find any intelligence of the kind in the book itself. Some of the author's observations are not deficient in good sense; but most of them are very jejune and common place; and not so well expressed as might have been wished. We select the following from that part of the work, which affects to treat 'of the diseases incidental to literary and sedentary persons.'

'Nocturnal lucubrations are hurtful on many accounts: whilst a great part of the night is spent in study, sufficient time is not allowed for sleep, nor does a gentle slumber succeed meditation, for study forces the blood into the brain; and the oscillations of its fibres still continue, and that full ease of the internal senses is wanting, which alone is capable of repairing our lost strength. The injuries of watching are increased by the unwholesomeness of the night air itself, by the ill effects of candles or lamps, which infect the air with gross vapors, so pernicious to the lungs, the eyes, and the nerves.

Nocturnal studies produce all those disorders, which are the consequence of the want of balmy and sufficient sleep; the or-

gans of sense are principally affected, their strength is exhausted, the fibres are either worn or agitated by violent motions; hence arise an incoherent series of thoughts, deliriums, dreadful head-aches, and finally a total privation of sleep, scarcely to be cured by remedies. Of the highest advantage is it, therefore, to go to bed betimes, and rise early in the morning.

“ Aurora favours the muses.”

‘ It will be no objection to these remarks, that all studious men are not equally affected; *some men may, with constitutional impunity, be insatiable in wine, and others be cormorants in books: every one does not possess a Milonian stomach, and intestines of iron*, nor can bear the labor of the mind, bodily inaction, and excesses of gluttony. Some men are born with happy constitutions for study, and some owe their reputation more to extraordinary genius than to industry and application; and prevented the ill effects of their severer studies, by allowing themselves intervals of leisure, by taking proper exercise, and by the dissipation both of business and amusement. Severe studies for youth are particularly hurtful; nothing more obstructs the vigor and growth, *or overwhelms the machine with more languor, than to bear too hard upon the young in this respect*, or in bodily labor; the season which nature intended to be devoted, by wholesome exercise and rational vivacity, to the nurture of the body, and energy of the mind, should not be invaded by disproportioned application to toilsome and anxious studies, lest the powers of nature, in being thus prematurely fatigued, almost as quickly become exhausted.

‘ If *early* studies prove injurious, in maturer age they are very hurtful: for habit becomes gradually a second nature when we begin from tender age, but in advanced life it is no longer susceptible of new customs, and the fibres of the brain, accustomed to rest, are *torn* before they can receive new and regular motions. Nor should studies of any sort at this season be continued too long. The soul that animates the body is indeed immortal; but so long as it is connected with a feeble frame, it *must be influenced by its nature*.

‘ It is dangerous to *break on the rocks of too great learning—it is shameful to be wrecked upon the opposite shore.*

The moral reflections and the religious precepts are quite as novel and interesting as the rest of the work.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in November, 1811.*

ASIATIC Researches, Vol. XI.
2l. 2s.

A Digested Index to the modern
Reports of the Court of Chancery,
16s.

Aikin, J. M. D.—The Lives of
John Seldon, Esq. and Archbishop
Usher, with Notices of the principal
Englishmen with whom they were
connected, 10s. 6d.

Boardman, J. A. Vocabulary of
the English, Latin, German, French,
Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese
Languages, 12mo. 7s.

Bancroft, Ed. Nath. M. D.—An
Essay on the Yellow Fever, with
Observations concerning Febrile
Contagion, Typhus Fever, Dysen-
tery, &c. &c. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Bristow, Whiston, Poems, 8vo.
10s. 6d.

Biographie Moderne; or Lives of
remarkable Characters from the
Commencement of the French Re-
volution, &c. From the French.
3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Butler, S. D. D.—Christian Li-
berty, a Sermon. 5s.

Bristow, J. A. Esq.—A new Song
to an odd Tune, a Poem.

Cafon, J. M. M. D. A popular
Treatise on the Prevention and Cure
of the different Species of Asthma.

Croke, Alexander, Esq. LL. D.—
A Report of the Case of Horner
against Liddiard, upon what Con-
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